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The SPHERE

XMAS 1935

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The SPHERE

XMAS 1935

MERRIMENT ASHORE

Drawn by Rowland Hilder

Decorations by Gladys Rees

[See Note on musical instruments on later page

GEORGE ROMNEY :

Portrait of Mrs. Carwardine and Child

• • •

The portrait appears to have been painted about 1790 *; the sitter, so lovingly holding the child in her arms, was Penelope Carwardine, daughter of John Carwardine, of Thinghills Court, Withington, Herefordshire. The picture was exhibited at Burlington House in* 1934, *being loaned to the Exhibition of British Art by the Dowager Lady Hillingdon*

WHERE LONDON CITIZENS WELCOMED THEIR GUESTS IN NORMAN TIMES: A reconstruction of the popular eating-house by [illegible] *distant parts, the good wife and her husband would not attempt to regale their visitors at home; they would repair to the busy restaurant by*

LONDON'S RIVERSIDE RESTAURANT

in the 12th Century

NOT very long ago, it was supposed that we should never be able to reconstruct a vivid living picture of Norman London where it touches the Plantagenet. A considerable amount of new material has, however, recently been gathered together, and a new translation of William FitzStephen's narrative has been made by Prof. M. Stanton. It is now possible to at least mentally reconstruct a picture of London in the reign of Henry II. FitzStephen was closely connected during a large part of his lifetime with Thomas à Becket and to his life of that saint he attached a description of the magnificent city by the Thames which reads like a chapter from Stow. One sees the citizens disporting themselves in quite Elizabethan ways. He has a word of general praise for the city and its inhabitants.

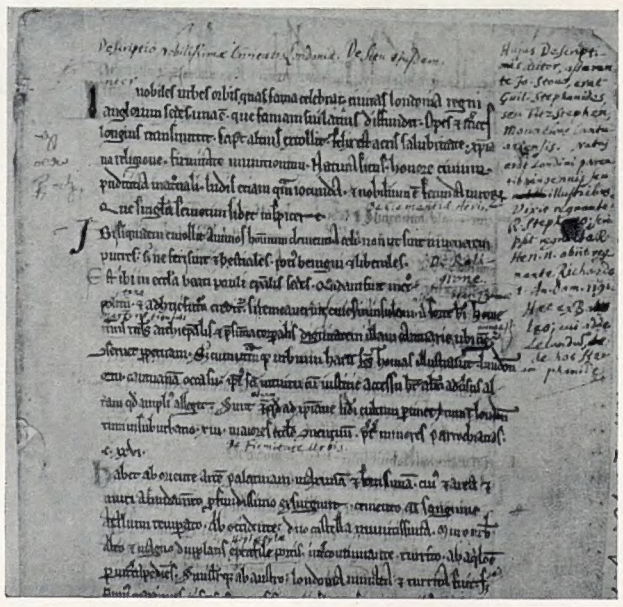
"This city wins honour by its men and glory by its arms, and has a multitude of inhabitants, so that at the time of the calamitous wars of King Stephen's reign, the men going forth from it to be mustered were reckoned twenty-thousand armed horsemen and sixty-thousand foot-soldiers. The citizens of London are everywhere regarded as illustrious and renowned beyond those of all other cities for the elegance of their fine manners, raiment and table. And with them a solemn oath ends all strife. The matrons of London are very Sabines.

"... Moreover, each year upon the day called Carnival—to begin with, the sports of boys (for we were all boys once), boys from the schools bring fighting-cocks to their master, and the whole forenoon is given up to boyish sport; for they have a holiday in the schools that they may watch their cocks do battle. After dinner, all the youth of the City goes out into the fields to a much-frequented game of ball.

"Elder men and fathers and rich citizens come on horse-back to watch the contests of their juniors, and after their fashion are young again with the young; and it seems that the motion of their natural heat is kindled by the contemplation of such violent motion and by their partaking in the joys of untrammelled youth.

* * *

"Every Sunday in Lent after dinner a 'fresh swarm of young gentles' goes forth on war-horses, 'steeds skilled in the contest,' of which each is 'apt and schooled to wheel in circles round.'



THE MARSHALL MS. OF FITZSTEPHEN'S ACCOUNT OF LONDON: Now preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. This page shows some of the later annotations at the right-hand side

Drawn by C. Walter Hodges

side, described by FitzStephen prior to 1183. On the sudden arrival of guests from rside, where every kind of flesh, game and dainty could be placed before the guests

" From the gates burst forth in throngs the lay sons of citizens, armed with lance and shield, the younger with shafts forked at the end, but with steel point removed. ' They wake war's semblance ' and in mimic contest exercise their skill at arms. Many courtiers come too, when the King is in residence ; and from the households of Earls and Barons come young men not yet invested with the belt of knighthood, that they may there contend together. Each one of them is on fire with hope of victory. The fierce horses neigh, ' their limbs tremble ; they champ the bit ; impatient of delay they cannot stand still ' Some pursue those that fly before, and cannot overtake them ; others unhorse their comrades and speed by.

" At the feast of Easter they make sport with naval

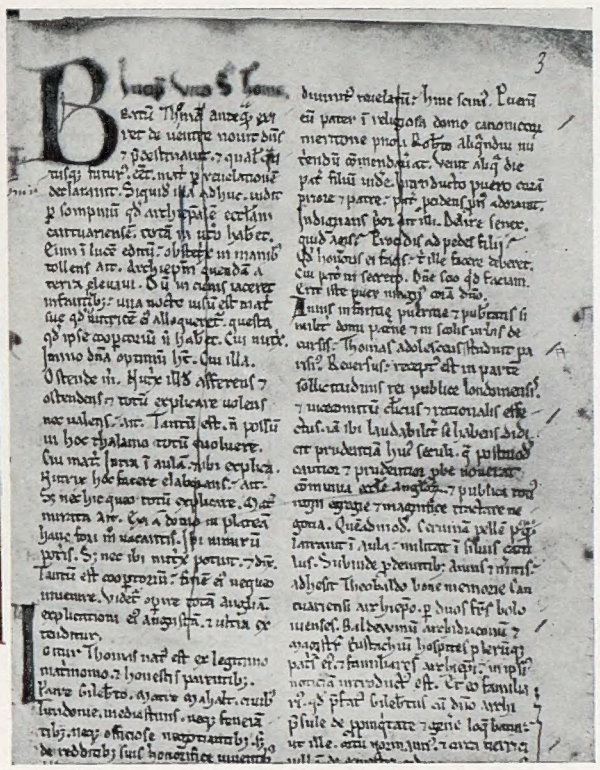
* * * * *

tourneys, as it were. For a shield being strongly bound to a stout pole in mid-stream, a small vessel, swiftly driven on by many an oar and by the river's flow, carries a youth standing at the prow, who is to strike the shield with his lance. If he break the lance by striking the shield and keep his feet unshaken, he has achieved his purpose and fulfilled his desire. If, however, he strike it strongly without splintering his lance, he is thrown into the rushing river, and the boat of its own speed passes him by. But there are on each side of the shield two vessels moored, and in them are many youths to snatch up the striker who has been sucked down by the stream, and as soon as he emerges into sight or

' once more bubbles on the topmost wave.'

On the bridge and the galleries above the river are spectators of the sport ' ready to laugh their fill.' "

But all these details, interesting as they are, pall before the following description of London's means of public hospitality. The reader rubs his eyes, but here it is, this astonishing description of a restaurant or cook-house by the bank of the Thames. Fitz-Stephen proceeds to inform us that in this Norman London of his there was, " upon the river's bank, amid the wine that is sold from ships and wine-cellars, a public cook-shop. There daily, according to the



THE DOUCE MS. OF FITZSTEPHEN'S NARRATIVE, also preserved in the Bodleian Library. This MS. may be the work of one of the canons of Lesnes Abbey, near Erith, of which the foundations still exist

Drawn by Cecil King

WATER SPORT IN THE POOL OF LONDON: As described by William FitzStephen, who wrote in the 12th century. On a raised platform fixed to the bow of the boat, the contestant would stand with poised spear. If he missed his mark he fell into the river, to the great amusement of the spectators on the wooden bridge, the precursor of the stone bridge erected early in the following century

season, you may find viands, dishes roast, fried and boiled, fish great and small, the coarser flesh for the poor, the more delicate for the rich, such as venison and birds both big and little. If friends, weary with travel, should of a (*Continued on page* 46)

AN ORDINARY COUPLE

By HENRIETTA LESLIE

Author of Daughters Defiant, Mrs. Fischer's War, etc.

THEY were a perfectly ordinary couple, so ordinary that in the vortex of the great hotel one would scarcely have noticed them. She—the wife—was middle-aged and dully dressed in brown and had a little white fluffy dog called Bobbie, which she led about attached to a string, for fear, as she explained to us, he would fall into the lake and be drowned, or attack other and bigger dogs and have the worst of it. He—the husband—was also dressed in brown; he was a silent man, slightly lame and walked with a stick.

For the first night they had the room next to ours, and through the flimsy wooden door we could hear her talking to the dog in a mixture of English and German, both languages too good and yet not good enough for us to feel sure of her nationality. After a while, we decided it was the former and that the man was German, though we had heard him earlier in the evening talking French to the tennis instructress and Russian to the little dancer, with a facility and accent unusual to foreigners. In their bedroom, however, he was peculiarly silent.

Suddenly, my partner turned to me.

"I wish that beggar wouldn't use those disgusting sulphur matches," he exclaimed. "They positively reek."

I sniffed and opened the window and the smell of the matches went sailing out into the night.

The next day, after tea, I was sitting by the lake, waiting for the sun to set, when the woman in brown and her fluffy dog came along the path towards me. The little beast was frisking and tugging at his string and she was talking to him in her nearly perfect German, calling him "süsses liebes Kind," and, from time to time, giving clumsy middle-aged runs, to make up to him for his absence of liberty. It was all rather touching because it seemed to tell so much.

She sat down on the other end of the seat and prepared herself to wait for the sunset, much to Bobbie's disapproval, but, strangely enough, for the first couple of minutes she disregarded him, leaning back, relaxed and happy, watching the sky and the lake and the mountains and humming a tune under her breath. I strained my ears. Was it Annie Laurie? Was it the Lorelei? Then Bobbie barked and stamped with his delicate feet.

"I'm afraid Bobbie doesn't like it here," I ventured.

She shot a quick glance at me. It gave no indication as to how she felt at being spoken to. "He's a little fidget," she said. "And always worse when Mr. Brown's not with me. He just adores him. And the queer thing is he doesn't take nearly so much notice of him as I do."

Mr. Brown? I thought. Or Mr. Braun? That doesn't tell one much either. My curiosity grew.

"That's a dear little dog," I remarked.

"Yes, he is nice. Only a puppy, of course. He'll soon grow up and then he'll be sedate." She sighed. "Like the rest of us."

This from anyone who looked as ordinary as Mrs. Brown came as a surprise. There was naïveté about it, but there was also charm. We smiled at each other and then relapsed into silence, watching the sky and the mountains and the lake, but it was a shared silence, a silence common to friends. "Pity my husband's missing this," said Mrs. Brown abruptly.

I muttered an agreement, not that I really cared what Mr. Brown was missing.

"I'm always sorry when he misses things," his much better half continued. "It's funny people don't properly appreciate him and yet he's a most wonderful man. Nobody knows that as I do. He's given me everything. Never denied me a *thing*. And he's never spoken a cross word to me either. You see I was a governess before I married him and hadn't a sou in the world or a person to care for me, and now . . ." She broke off and stared at the lake which was turning from crimson to gold and from gold to apricot with steely patches near the rim.

What a remarkable conversation, I thought to myself, but I said nothing, feeling there was more to come. But probably I was mistaken, for my companion merely remarked:

"Yes, he's given me everything and yet they didn't want me to marry him—the fools!"

"Who didn't?" I asked, startled.

"Nobody did."

"But why?" It was her tone which forced me to pursue the questioning. There was certainly something odd about the man. I had felt it; so had my partner. Curiosity got the better of good manners. "Why?" I pressed.

She looked at me strangely and a crafty expression came into her face, slightly distorting its simple features. One could almost see her slipping back into her shell.

"Because he's a foreigner," she said. "People are dreadfully narrow-minded, I'm afraid. Komm, Bobbie, süsser lieber." And she rose from the seat and left me with a nod just as the sunset left the lake all steely grey and black and dead.

A foreigner—yes, perhaps, but of what species? Russian, German, English, French. All equally foreigners when they are travelling abroad.

That night at dinner the electric light went unexpectedly out. There was a shriek and a wild dash of serving maids for candles. In the darkness my partner kicked me painfully under the table.

"Look," he hissed.

"What at?" I asked.

"Over there, in the corner—there's a light."

"Well, why not?"

"There isn't anywhere else."

"Still . . ."

"And it's such an odd sort of light; might almost be phosphorescent. Isn't that where your friends the Browns are sitting?"

It was. They had been put in the corner by the door because of Bobbie, who by rights should not have been admitted to the room at all.

As one's eyes grew used to the darkness, the glow from the corner seemed to grow stronger, and then, before the girls had had time to reappear with the candles, the electric light snapped on again.

"Ahhh!" gasped the room.

STILL LIFE

From the painting by James B. Anderson, Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy. Exhibited, Edinburgh, 1935

I craned my neck. The Browns were peacefully eating their fish, fish of the lake, full of tiny bones. They had apparently never stopped for an instant.

"Remarkable," said my partner.

"Rubbish!" I retorted.

After dinner Mrs. Brown came up to me in the hall. She was clasping Bobbie in her arms.

"Good evening," she began amiably.

"Oh, good evening."

She cleared her throat.

"Oh, Mr. . . ."

"Armitage," I supplied.

"Oh, Mr. Armitage, I hope you won't mind what I'm going to say, but didn't I hear you and your friend discussing going up to the Grosser Zahn to-morrow?"

"Well, yes," I said, "we were thinking of it."

"Then, I wonder"; she gave Bobbie a nervous squeeze; "I wonder if you'd allow my husband to go with you?"

"Your husband?" I echoed.

"Yes. Oh, you're thinking he couldn't manage it because of his poor foot, but it wouldn't interfere in the least. He was born with it, and it's nothing, nothing at all. As matter of fact, he's a wonderful mountaineer. You won't need a guide if he's with you. He'd go alone only it's so dull. I hope you won't mind my suggesting it, Mr. Armitage, but he's so shy, and why shouldn't he have a nice time too, poor fellow—same as the rest of us?"

"I must just speak to my friend," I said, embarrassed. "As far as I'm concerned, of course I should be delighted."

SCABIOUS

From the water-colour drawing by Mary Bullock, exhibited at the R.A. Exhibition, 1935. Reproduced by kind permission of the owner

" That is nice of you, Mr. Armitage " ; she smiled at me her gentle smile.

I sought out my partner and broke the news to him. He swore.

" I don't believe a word of it," he exclaimed. " The chap positively hobbles. The woman must be dotty. Besides . . ." He hesitated. " He's such an odd looking customer. I shouldn't feel safe up there with him."

" Odd ? " I turned contrary. " I thought you said he looked ordinary."

" We'd better go and talk to him," decreed Lionel.

We went. Mr. Brown was sitting by himself drinking a cup of coffee and serenely viewing life as represented by the dance bar of a large hotel. He greeted us affably. On nearer view his face was intelligent and rather pleasant. He had a large nose and strongly marked eyebrows, golden brown eyes and very white teeth. We chatted for a quarter of an hour, or rather, he held forth, telling us of previous exploits. Either the man was a liar of the first water, or Mrs. Brown had been right and he was a marvellous mountaineer.

" Four o'clock," said Mr. Brown, as we parted.

" Four o'clock."

We went upstairs to our room. The Browns were no longer sleeping next door ; they had been moved into the annexe because of Bobbie.

" I don't like it," Lionel burst out.

" Don't be a fool," I answered crossly, perhaps because, for some reason which I could not explain to myself, I did not like it either.

According to plan we were due back at the hotel at three o'clock the next afternoon. Eleven hours solid going. According to events, we failed to put in an appearance until nearly three hours after that time.

"You'd better tell her while I see the manager about the search party," said Lionel gloomily, as we crawled along the last few yards.

" Thank you very much ! "

Suddenly he caught me by the arm.

" Perhaps she knows already."

" Nonsense ; how could she ? "

" I don't see why she shouldn't. It would be on a par with . . . with the rest."

I glanced at him, but he could not meet my eyes. Through all the years of our friendship I had never seen him look like that and wondered if I too . . . Well, it would have been little wonder after what had happened, after what we had experienced, witnessed even.

And we'll never be able to speak about it, I said to myself. I saw again the short brown figure upon that ghastly pinnacle, standing, arms up-flung, silhouetted against the heavens, heard again that unearthly laugh, full of malice and fiendish glee—and then the silence—no trace, no sign, no sound. All that would be buried for ever in our consciousness, because . . . because. . . .

" Ah, there you are," cried out a friendly voice. " Bobbie, Bobbie, süsser . . . sie sind züruck. They're back—the uncles are back ! "

" Oh, Mrs. Brown . . ." It was Lionel who spoke, his voice scarcely recognisable. I made a quick movement towards him, thinking that at any moment he might faint.

" Did you have a nice day ? " enquired the equable tones. " I'm sure you must. I kept watching the peaks and thinking of you three up there. They were beautifully clear. It was a good job you went to-day instead of yesterday."

" Mrs. Brown . . . your husband . . . "

" Oh, he isn't with you ? " She was obviously conscious of his absence for the first time. " Is he coming on later ? "

" He's . . . he's . . . "

How could one tell her ? How mar that placid happy face with horrible suffering ? Suddenly, light broke into her eyes. She began to laugh.

" I expect he came on first," she said : " *his* way ! " And she gave an odd chuckle ; the chuckle of someone who knows a secret joke and is preparing to share it with you.

" Mrs. Brown . . . your husband . . . God ! I don't know how to tell you." He shuddered, thinking of that silhouetted figure and that laugh. " He'll never . . . He's . . . When we met you, Mr. Armitage and I were just going to ask the manager to send out a search party, but I'm afraid . . . "

For the first time she showed signs of agitation.

" A search party to look for my husband ? Oh, you musn't, Mr. Taylor, please. He'll come home all right, you'll see. Probably, he is home already, having a nice hot bath. I've not been at the hotel the whole afternoon. I thought as I was alone I'd give Bobbie a good long run for a treat."

" But Mrs. Brown, we must send . . . "

" Nonsense, Mr. Armitage." She was immensely firm ; one could feel her authority ; one remembered how before she had married the poor dead Mr. Brown she had been a governess, of the stricter variety one now felt sure. " You'll do nothing of the sort. You don't want to make us a laughing stock, do you ? "

" But your husband . . ."

" I suppose he's given you a bit of a fright."

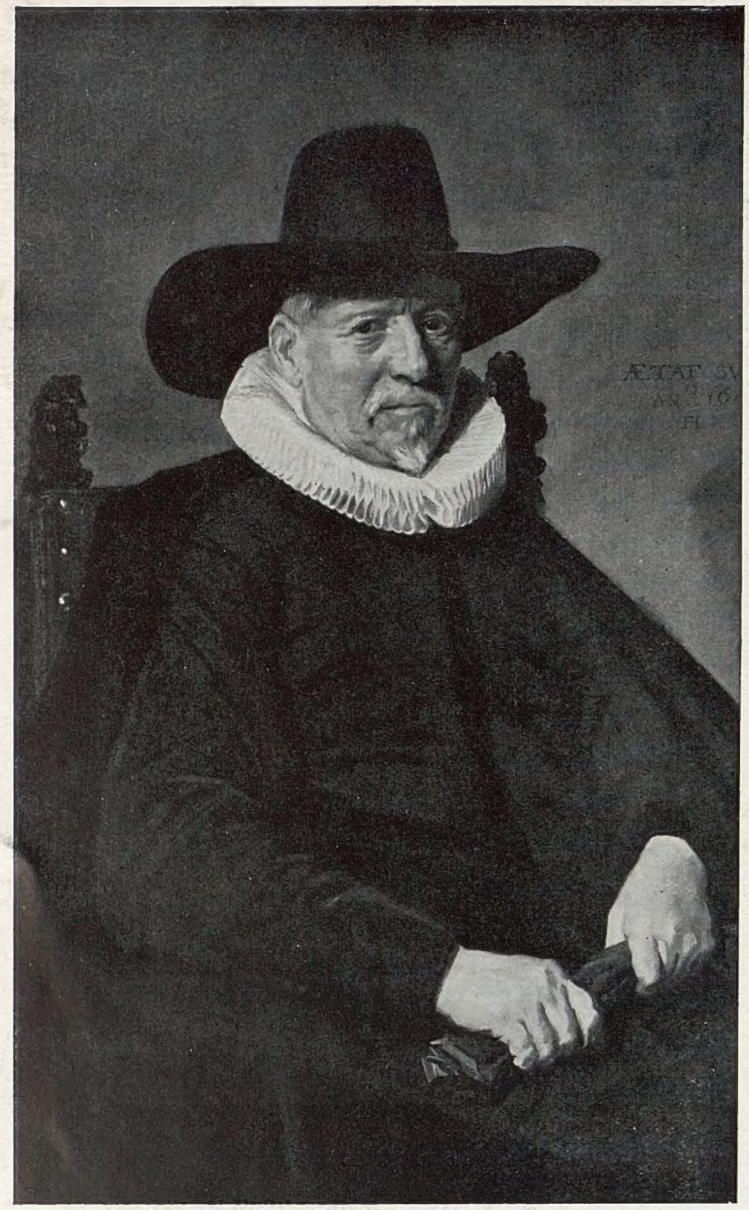
A bit of a fright ! Lionel and I looked at each other. That figure—that laugh . . .

" It's my fault," said the woman penitently. " I ought to have warned you. My husband's wonderful at going *up* mountains, but he's not so good at coming down them. It's his poor foot, you know, makes

(*Continued on page* 48)

THE CHARM OF THE RUFF

in the Low Countries, France and Spain



A MASCULINE RUFF, TIED IN FRONT. From the portrait of De Heer Bodolphe, by Franz Hals. Both this and the picture of the wife on the right were recently in the possession of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan

A WIDE DOUBLE RUFF, WORN BY A DUTCH GOODWIFE. The ruff has no division in front; it is tied at the back of the neck. The wearer is the spouse of the wealthy Dutch personage shown on the left

A VERY DELICATE, ALMOST DOWN-LIKE LOOKING RUFF. Worn by Isabella of Bourbon, daughter of Henry IV and Mary de Medici, who was betrothed to Philip of Spain in 1615. (In Chicago Art Institute)

A VERY DAINTY SPANISH RUFF. Worn by Isabella di Franchia in the painting by Alonzo Sanchez Coello. It is now in the Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego, California, and formerly in the Heilbuth collection in Copenhagen

THE CHARM of the RUFF and the VELVET BOW

A Dutch lady setting out for church. From the painting by Caspar Netscher

Caspar Netscher, the painter of this picture, was born at Heidelberg, in 1639, of German parents. His father, a sculptor and engineer in Polish employ, died when his son was two years old. His mother had to fly from Germany owing to the wars and took refuge with her son in Holland, where she was supported by a rich doctor called Tullekens. He had Caspar trained as a doctor, but when the boy's artistic tendencies began to be apparent, he was put under Koster, a Dutch painter of game and flowers. But he broke away to become a disciple of Gerard Terburg, and when he travelled eventually to Bordeaux his work was much praised. There he married. He returned to Holland, where he seems to have spent the rest of his life, becoming very well known and celebrated as a painter of domestic scenes, conversation pieces, and some miniatures. It was doubtless at this period that he painted this intriguing portrait of a Dutch lady in all the rectitude of her very stiff bodice, her ruff resting low on the shoulders, and her ermine-trimmed cloak. Netscher died at The Hague in 1684. Several of his pictures are in the National Gallery, among them the well-known "Children Blowing Bubbles." The picture here reproduced is in the possession of Mr. J. Nicholson, Ryder St., St. James's

PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE

——TWO VERSIONS

Illustrated from contemporary paintings

From the painting by R. Madrazo

1935

"Who is it? Oh, it's you, Tony. Yes, it's Pam speaking. . . . You sounded so hoarse I didn't recognise the voice. You what? . . . Say it again—again, Tony, dear. . . . Marry me? Did you say marry? Oh, you poor sweet lad. . . . Last night? You thought I. . . . Where was I last night? We were at *The Green Bus*? Oh, so we were. . . . Of course I like you . . . but are you serious? Bridesmaids and everything? Have you come into a fortune? I'm not cheap to run, you know. . . . Haven't I read? Read what? Uncle . . . recently deceased. . . . Oh . . . well, I don't mind; you're a sweet lad. . . . Now? But I was just going to bed. . . . Spot of supper—where? Oh, all right—fifteen minutes." (Rings Off.)

From the painting by Hookway Cowles

1885

Dear Miss Brownrigg,

. . . If the assurance of a lifetime devotion can move your heart to the acceptance of the offer which I here lay at your feet in all trepidation of spirit you will make me the proudest and happiest man alive. I know that I am in many ways unworthy of one so lavishly endowed by nature with every womanly charm and so admirably equipped with beauties of the mind and heart which have been so carefully nurtured in a rich and cultured home—a home which I am asking you to leave for what must seem to you a humble cottage, but believe me, dear Miss Brownrigg, I should be ever your devoted lover and husband,

Alfred Pennefather.

"Put down Whisky for Bob. He always insists on

DEWAR'S "WHITE LABEL"

THE JUBILEE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

THE DEATH OF TEACH, OR BLACKBEARD, the famous pirate, after boarding Lieutenant Maynard's sloop, rope in hand

READERS of the SPHERE will recall the fact that just about a year ago this journal was enabled to give documentary evidence concerning two women pirates, Mary Read and Anne Bonney, who were at that time figuring in Mr. James Bridie's stirring play at His Majesty's Theatre. Full details of the trial and condemnation of these two remarkable women were printed for the first time.

◆

Delving further into the mine of letters and documents at the Record Office, it is now possible to throw light on several facets of this strange period (1720) and to quote textually the very letters of famous governors describing the tragical ends of some famous pirates. There are in addition reports sent home by the very naval officers who attacked the pirates of the Caribbean Sea. Much light is thrown upon the state of affairs which permitted the pirates to live their sportive lives for so long. All sorts of people, high and low, by sea or land, were in league with the pirates, or found that in some way it did not serve them to assist the Government in suppressing the belted gentry, who could behave from time to time with incredible cruelty. Their power was, of course, based very largely on this background of terror, although at other times the inhabitants would come and go on board a pirate ship for the purpose of snapping up a bargain in coffee, spices, silken goods or other piratical loot. Higher officials of the islands would even do some commerce in purchasing cheaply a currency the pirates could not conveniently use.

In the opening decades of the eighteenth century, the period here described, the British Government decided that something must be done about the condition of the seas around the Bahamas and off the south-eastern coast of America.

One Captain Woodes Rogers was sent out to grapple with the situation, but was given very little with which to grapple. On arrival at Providence Island, Bahamas, in July, 1718, he found the notorious pirate Charles Vane, a predecessor of "Calico Jack," in command of the community of pirates who were brazenly established on the island. Two men of war, the *Milford* and the *Rose*, and the *Shark*, a sloop, were detailed to assist him, but as it appeared, only for a short period. The *Rose* appeared off Nassau the evening before the new Governor arrived, and soon trouble began.

But perhaps the sequence of events is best told in a letter written by the Governor himself, and which has been transcribed for the SPHERE. One must imagine him pulling back his wide velvet sleeves and lace ruffs and writing as here follows. The letter was addressed to the Council of Trade and Plantations in London.

◆

". . . Pursuant to my Instructions I take leave to acquaint your Lordships I arriv'd in this port 26th July in company with the men of warr ordered to assist me. I met with little opposition in coming in, but found a French ship (that was taken by the pirates of 22 guns) burning in the harbour, which we were told was set on fire to drive out H.M.S. *Rose* who got in too eagerly the evening before me, and cut her cables and run out in the night for fear of being burnt, by one Charles Vane who command'd the pirates and at our's and H.M.S the *Milford's* near approach the next morning they finding it impossible to escape us, he with about 90 men fled

Drawings by Relf

PIRACY in the INDIES

Some tales of bloody doings off the American coast and among the West Indian Islands during the early years of the 18th century. Collected from contemporary documents, many not hitherto published

away in a sloop wearing the black flag, and fir'd guns of defiance when they perceiv'd their sloop out sayl'd the two that I sent to chase them hence. On the 27th I landed and took possession of the fort, where I read H.M. Commission in the presence of my officers, soldiers and about 300 of the people found here, who received me under arms and readily surrendered, shewing then many tokens of joy for the re-introduction of Governmt.

◆

. . . After I had made the necessary enquirys after the character of the inhabitants who had not been pirates, I got information of a few that were the least encouragers of trading with them, six of whom I nominated and sworn with the six I chose out of those brought with me to compleat H.M. Council here." After describing the state of the island he continued: "I have erected a small fort of eight guns at the easternmost entrance into the harbour where we keep watch, and have formed the inhabitants and all the rest of the men on this Island into three companys of Militia, under their own officers, who by turns keep a guard in the town every night. I don't fear but they'l all stand by me in case of any attempt except pirates, but should their old friends have strength enough to designe to attack me, I much doubt whether I should find one half to joyn me." . . . (The Pirate Vade was known to be on the coast of Cuba.) "After Captain Whitney sailed, I had an express sent me that three vessells supposed to be Vaine and his prizes were at Green Turtle Key near Abacoa and since I had no strength to do better, I got a sloop fitted under the command of Capt. Hornigold to send and view them and bring me an account, what they were, in the mean time I keep a very strick't watch for fear of any surprize, and not hearing from Capt. Hornigold I was afraid he was either taken by Vaine or begun his old practice of pirating again, wch was the general opinion here in his absence, but to my great satisfaction he return'd in about three weeks having lain most of that time concealed and viewing of Vaine the Pirate in order to surprize him or some of his men that they expected would be near them in their boats, but tho' they failed in this Capt. Hornigold brought with him a sloop of this place, that got leave from me to go out a turtling but had been trading wth Vaine who had then wth him two ships and a brigantine, his sloop that he escaped hence in being run away with by another set of new pirates. . . ."

◆

The Governor then begged for the assistance of a small cruiser, and continued: "We could then joyne a sloop or two and men from the guarrison with the best of the people here and soon be out after any pirate for we may expect to be alarmed by them whilst there are any in America. This Vaine had the impudence to send me word that he design's to burn my guardship and visit me very soon to return the affront I gave him on my arrival in sending two sloops after him instead of answering the letter he sent me. But being now got to the 20th of Octr. the heat abates very much and our people begin to be pretty well and our fort will be soon in a tollerable posture of defence, and the guardship is well provided wch makes me now not concern'd at his threats. Capt. Hornigold having proved honest, and disobliged his old friends by seazing this vessel it devides the people here and makes me stronger than I expected. . . . At our last muster of ye merooners and the inhabitants we have to home to appear in arms, 152. There are about 150 more that has been pirates who has gone hence since my arrivall and keeps near this place moving out and home mostly amongst these Islands and coast of Cuba if they all return I will endeavour to keep them employed, I expect not less than 150 of these sort of people at home continually, till new inhabitants of better principalls come to make us stronger." *Nov. 4th.* "Whilst I was concluding this letter there came in some of those men before mentioned, but with ye unwelcome news of all our vessels designing to trade on Cuba being seized on and run away with by the very sailors that came in on the Act of Grace, and entered here to navigate them, they still retaining the itching desire to return to their former vile course of life, made use of the first oppertunity and finding themselves stronger than the honest side on a signal given made the other prisoners. But before they had prepared their vessels for piracy they turn'd four of their men which I recommended on shoar by themselves on a desart island." Before the letter was despatched, we find the Governor penning this post-script, four days later, "Ye Spaniards soon after attack't them in a small haven amongst these islands and whilst they were preparing their vessels took advantage of their cowardice and surprized them, the English rene-gadoes flying out of their sloops on shoar, and would not accept of the offer the prisoners made to assist them against the Spaniards whom they might have taken being superior in number and strength. This attempt of the

"Mr. Maynard ordered the midshipman at the helm to acquaint him with anything that should happen"

THE SURRENDER OF STEDE BONNET, the gentleman pirate, at the Cape Fear River, in November, 1718

Spaniards tho ill intended had two good consequences to us the one in breaking the measures concerted by these new villains who intend to joyne Vaine and attempt this place and the other in preventing the Spaniards' design on Eluthera etc. . . .

"Signed, Woodes Rogers."

The Governor had good grounds for fearing that the pirate might now make an attack on him, and that, if he did so, he would have the support of his old friends ashore. Vane actually sent word to Rogers that he intended to attack him, and to burn his guardship in return for his affront in sending two sloops after him, instead of answering his letter. Vane had been expecting to join forces with Major Stede Bonnett, a Barbadian and an educated man who had taken to the Black Flag to escape the terrors apparently of a termagant wife, in order to attack Rogers. But Bonnett's activities were brought to an end just at that time (Nov., 1718). After surrendering with Teach, when wrecked in N. Carolina, he had taken to piracy again, and was refitting in Cape Fear River whilst Vane was plundering vessels off Charleston. The Governor of South Carolina fitted out a couple of sloops under command of Colonel Rhett to attack Vane. Being unable to find him, Rhett went after Bonnet into Cape Fear River. Bonnet in trying to escape and the two sloops after him, went aground at low tide. Rhett's sloop lay within shot of the pirates, and for six hours they engaged in a hot musketry duel. But when the tide turned, the rising water set Rhett's sloops afloat first. With this advantage, Rhett prepared to board the pirates, who surrendered. But after this victory South Carolina feared that the pirates in revenge would blockade the coast more than ever. This fear was justified, for the harbour was sometimes blocked for eight or ten days together. But the Governor again fitted out

From the painting by Montague Dawson, made for this Christmas number of "The Sphere," from contemporary descriptions

several vessels, and had some success, capturing a pirate ship and sloop, after killing 26 men, including Worley.

The notorious Teach, alias Blackbeard, was one of the pirates who operated around Charleston. He ran aground in Ouacock Bay and was obliged to surrender to the Governor of North Carolina. It must have been at this time that, as Captain Brand puts it, he "gave out he design'd to be an inhabitant and leave of his piraticall life, and the more to put a gloss to his designs he marryed there."

Colonel Alexander Spotswood, Lieutenant Governor of Virginia, now determined to "extirpate that nest of pirates," and in a letter (Dec. 22, 1718), he gives a graphic account of the end of the famous Blackbeard, who is also referred to as Teach or Tach. "I received advice from North Carolina, that Major Bonnett who was one of Tach's associates and surrendered with him, was gone out again in a sloop, and betaking himself to fresh piracys had been taken by some vessells fitted out for that purpose by the Government of South Carolina. That Tach with divers of his crew kept together in North Carolina went out at pleasure committing robberys on this coast and had lately brought in a ship laden with sugar and cocoa, which they pretended they had found as a wreck at sea without either men or papers, that they had landed the cargo at a remote inlet in that province and set the ship on fire to prevent discovery to whom she belonged ; and having at the same time received complaints from divers of the trading people of that province of the insolence of that gang of pyrates, and the weakness of that Governmt. to restrain them, I judged it high time to destroy that crew of villains, and not to suffer them to gather strength in the neighbourhood of so valuable a trade as that of this Colony.

"Having gained sufficient intelligence of the strength of Tach's

PIRACY in the WEST INDIES

(Continued from preceding page)

Major Bonnell (*This is almost certainly Stede Bonnet, the pirate mentioned in Spotswood's letter of Dec. 22, 1718, an extract of which follows*) but now is commanded by one Teach, Bonnell being suspended from his command, but is still on board, they have most infested the Capes of Delaware and sometimes of Burmudas. Never continuing forty-eight hours in one place. He is now gone to the Soward as I am told by a master

A SAILOR OF THE EARLY 18th CENTURY: as portrayed by Mr. Ben Soutten in "Mary Read," at His Majesty's Theatre

crew, and sent for pylots from Carolina, I communicated to the Captains of H.M. ships of war on this station the project I had formed to extirpate this nest of pyrates. It was found impracticable for the men of war to go into the shallow and difficult channells of that country and the Captains were unwilling to be at the charge of hyring sloops wch they had no orders to do, and must therefore have paid out of their own pocketts, but as they readily consented to furnish men, I undertook the other part of supplying at my own charge sloops and pilots. Accordingly I hyred two sloops and put pilots on board, and the Captains of H.M. ships having put 55 men on board under the command of the first Lieutenant of the *Pearle* and an officer from the *Lyme*, they came up with Tach at Ouacock Inlett on the 22nd of last month, he was on board a sloop wch carryed 8 guns and very well fitted for fight. As soon as he perceived the King's men intended to board him, he took up a bowl of liquor and calling out to the Officers of the other sloops, drank Damnation to anyone that should give or ask quarter and then discharged his great guns loaded with partridge shott, wch killed and wounded twenty of the King's men who lay exposed to his fire without any barracade or other shelter; he resolutely entered the first sloop which boarded him, nor did any one of his men yield while they were in a condition to fight. His orders were to blow up his own vessell if he should happen to be overcome, and a negro was ready to set fire to the powder, had he not been luckily prevented by a planter forced on board the night before and who lay in the hold of the sloop during the action of the pyrats.

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"Tach with nine of his crew were killed, and three white men and six negroes were taken alive, but all much wounded. The loss of the King's men is very considerable for the number, there being (?) ten killed in the action, and four and twenty of whom one is since dead of his wounds. I do myself the honour of giving yor. Lordps. the particulars of this action because it has, I hope, prevented a design of the most pernicious consequence to the trade in these Plantations, wch was that of the pyrats fortifying an Island at Ouacock Inlett and making that a general rendevouze of such robbers. . . .

"Signed A. Spotswood."

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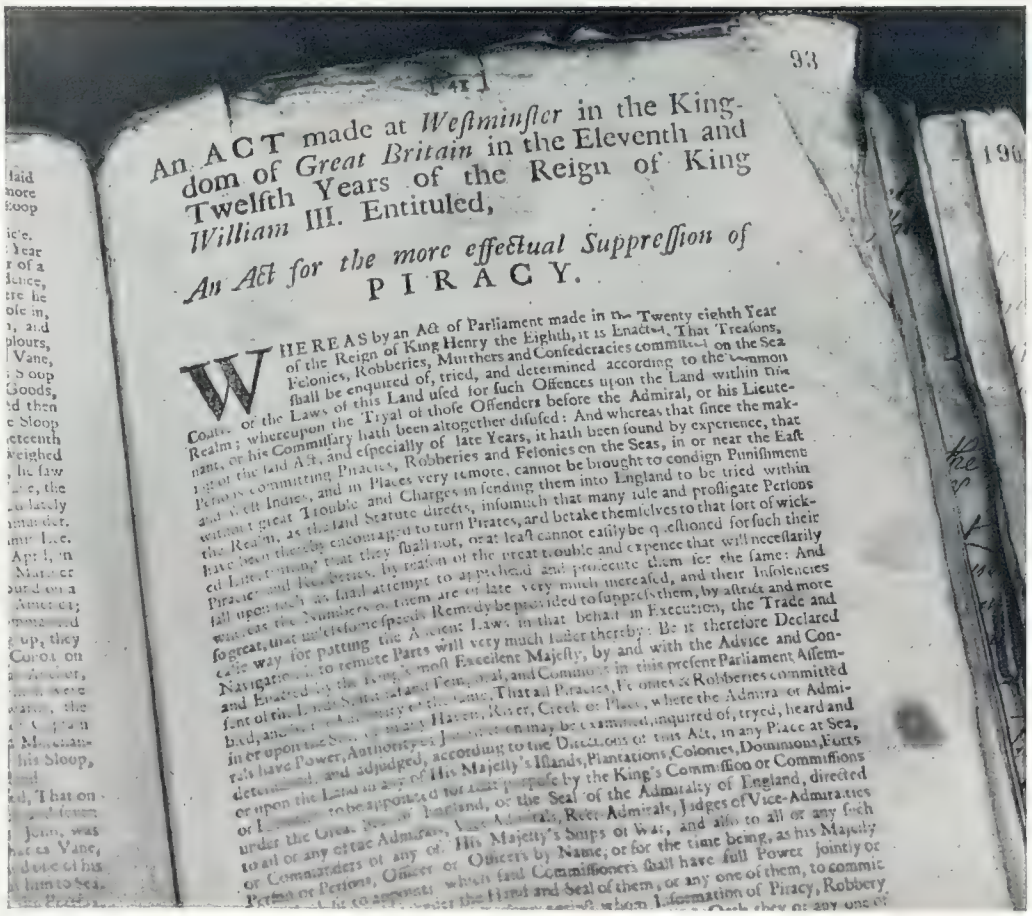
Another account of the death of Blackbeard is contained in a letter to the Lord Commissioners of the Admiralty written by Capt. George Gordon. He describes "ye steps of that action with Thatch alias Blackbeard. After they were so near, that the compliment past betwixt them of not giving each other quarters, Thatch observing all his (Lt. Maynard's) men upon deck gave them a broadeside, his guns being sufficiently charged with swan shot, partridge shot and others; with this broadeside he killed and wounded (most by the swan shot) one and twenty of men, Mr. Maynder (Maynard) findeing his men thus exposed and no shelter order his men down into the hold goeing himself into the cabin abaft; ordering the midshipman that was at the helm or Mr. Butler his pilate to acquaint him with anything that should happen. Thatch observing his deck clear of men presently concluded the vessel his own, and then sheers on board Lieut. Maynard's sloop, enters himself the first man, with a rope in his hand to lash or make fast the two sloops Mr. Butler acquainting Lieut. Maynard with this turned his men upon deck, and was himself presently among them; where, in less than six minuts tyme Thatch and five or six of his men were killed; the rest of these rogues jumped in the water where they were demolished, one of them being discovered some dayes after in the reeds by the fouls hovering over him. The sloop in wch the *Lyme's* people were in had the misfortune to have the three officers that commanded them killed a head of his sloop, and another shot through the body in Thatch's sloop by one of our men takeing him by mistake for one of the pirates. This, Sr, is the true and real steps of that action. . . ."

It is the foregoing account of the fight which our artist has illustrated on pages 12 and 13. The casualness of the reference to the midshipman at the helm arrests the attention. He must have been a brave youth.

Perusal of the letters from naval commanders in West Indian waters to the Admiralty, is rewarded from time to time with references to piratical doings. Suddenly one is in the world of sandy inlets, known to lovers of piratical lore; one hears the clash of cutlasses and the cries of wounded men. In a letter from Capt. Ellis Brand in December, 1717, one reads: "Since my arrivall in Virginia I have heard but of one pyrot ship that was run away with, from Barbadoes commanded by

Drawings by Percy Home

CAPT. RACKHAM, OTHERWISE CALICO JACK: as portrayed in "Mary Read," Mr. James Bridie's play at His Majesty's Theatre



An ACT made at *Weſtminſter* in the Kingdom of *Great Britain* in the Eleventh and Twelfth Years of the Reign of King *William* III. Entituled,

An Act for the more effectual Suppreſſion of PIRACY.

WHEREAS by an Act of Parliament made in the Twenty eighth Year of the Reign of King Henry the Eighth, it is Enacted, That Treaſons, Felonies, Robberies, Murthers and Confederacies committed on the Sea ſhall be enquired of, tried, and determined according to the Common Courſe of the Laws of this Land uſed for ſuch Offences upon the Land within this Realm; whereupon the Tryal of thoſe Offenders before the Admiral, or his Lieutenant, or his Commiſſary hath been altogether diſuſed: And whereas that ſince the making the ſaid Act, and eſpecially of late Years, it hath been found by experience, that Perſons committing Piracies, Robberies and Felonies on the Seas, in or near the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and in Places very remote, cannot be brought to condign Puniſhment without great Trouble and Charges in ſending them into England to be tried within the Realm, as the ſaid Statute directs, inſomuch that many idle and profligate Perſons have been thereby encouraged to turn Pirates, and betake themſelves to that ſort of wicked Life, knowing that they ſhall not, or at leaſt cannot eaſily be queſtioned for ſuch their Piracies and Robberies, by reaſon of the great trouble and expence that will neceſſarily fall upon ſuch as ſhall attempt to apprehend and proſecute them for the ſame: And whereas the Numbers of them are of late very much increaſed, and their Inſolencies ſo great, that unleſs ſome ſpeedy Remedy be provided to ſuppreſs them, by ſtrict and more effectual Laws in that behalf in Execution, the Trade and Navigation to remote Parts will very much ſuffer thereby: Be it therefore Declared and Enacted by the King's moſt Excellent Majeſty, by and with the Advice and Conſent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in this preſent Parliament Aſſembled, and by the Authority of the ſame, That all Piracies, Felonies, Robberies committed in or upon the Sea, or in any Haven, River, Creek or Place, where the Admiral or Admirals have Power, Authority or Juriſdiction, may be examined, inquired of, tryed, heard and determined, and adjudged, according to the Directions of this Act, in any Place at Sea, or upon the Land in any of His Majeſty's Iſlands, Plantations, Colonies, Dominions, Forts or Factories, to be appointed for that purpoſe by the King's Commiſſion or Commiſſions under the Great Seal of England, or the Seal of the Admiralty of England, directed to all or any of the Admirals, Vice-Admirals, Rear-Admirals, Judges of Vice-Admiralties or Commanders of any of His Majeſty's Ships of War, and alſo to all or any ſuch Perſon or Perſons, Officer or Officers by Name, or for the time being, as his Majeſty ſhall think fit to appoint; which ſaid Commiſſioners ſhall have full Power jointly or ſeverally, under the Hand and Seal of them, or any one of them, to commit

"FOR THE MORE EFFECTUAL SUPPRESSION OF PIRACY IN THE WEST INDIES": A reproduction of the first page of an Act passed in the reign of King William III, enabling acts of piracy to be examined and adjudged by admirals on board ship, thus obviating "the great trouble and charges" in sending persons accused of piracy home to England to be tried

of a Burmudian that he spoke with, his number is one hundred and forty three men, fourteen guns. . . ."

Some seven months later, Captain Brand has occasion to acquaint their lordships that "on the 10 June. . . . a large pyrate ship of forty guns with three sloops in her company came upon the coast of N. Carolina, ware they endeavour'd to goe in to a harbour call'd Topsail Inlett, the ship stuck upon the bar att the entrance of the harbour and is lost, as is one of the sloops, the other two sloops being still in there posesion with two hundred and thirty of the pyrats, they continue togeather given out they design for Cureico and other of the Islands. When they first came on the coast there number concisted of three hundred and twentie whites and negroes, the rest having been to surrender some to the Governor of N. Carolina, and severall are come into Virginia. I am told by a man that left them above seventeen days since that the two sloops crews are fallen out and it was expected they would engage each other if there dispites are not soon reconsil'd amongst them; I have enquired of severall people that are acquainted with the place they are in att, and they all agree they are not to be come at

with a ship, I shall use my utmost endeavours to informe myself of them and what part of the coast they most cruse upon, and if it is possible for me to destroy them notwithstanding they are soe must superior to me, in number as one hundred and thirtie men, I shall not fail of doing my endeavour. . . . . ."

BOUND TO THE YARD ARM AND FIRED AT.

Letters from Bermuda tell of cruel deeds. Take, for instance, the following account of pirate activities sent to the Council of Trade and Plantations in a letter from Lt. Governor Bennett of Bermuda, dated April 25, 1721 :—" Bermuda, Feb. 18, 1721, a pirate ship of 32 guns, commanded by one Jon. Roberts, and a brigantine of 18 with 350 men in both, had lately come up with a Dutch interloper of 30 guns and about 90 men as she lay at anchor with her yards and topmasts down at Sta. Lucea. The pirates at first endeavoured to board her but she running out her booms or fenders prevented them, and then began to engage, the interloper maintaining an obstinate defence for four hours and killed a great many of the pirates, but being overpower'd was forced to submit and what men the pirates found alive on board they put to death after several cruel methods. The Dutch interloper has the character of a handsome warlike vessell and was extraordinary well fitted in every respect, in which the pirates have now 36 guns mounted; When the pirates had refitted after the battle, they went with their prize under Dutch colours close along the harbor's mouths on Martinique shoar, and made the usual signals that the Dutch interlopers were accustomed to doe to give notice to the inhabitants when they came off from the coast of Guiny with negroes, and then went again to Sta. Lucea the place for tradeing on such occasions with the interlopers. In two or three days several sloops were fitted out of Martinique and went down to purchase slaves which vessells the pirates secur'd as they came up and made them anchor by the ships as if they were actually tradeing; soe those that came latest in knew not the others were taken till they were sensible of their own misfortune, and by this way of manageing they took 14 sail of French sloops, in each of which was a considerable summe of money for that trade. The men they took they barbarously abused some they almost whip't to death others had their ears cut off; others they fixed to the yard arm and fired at them as a mark and all their actions look'd like practiceing of cruelty, and at last they sunk and burnt 13 of the 14 sail and let the other return with the poor tormented men to Martinique to tell the storie. After this tragical scene was over they (the pirates) stretched along amongst the French Islands and passing by Guardalupa they saw a large ship at an anchor in the Road, which they cut out haveing 600 hogsheads of sugar on board, from thence they went to Domonico where they intended to careen as is supposed and what's further come of them is not known.

" MOST PROFLIGATE IMPUDENT VILLAINS."

From Jamaica. March 31. " Several pirates have been lately taken and brought in here and on trial most of them found guilty and executed, among them Char. Vaine and one Racum, two notorious Comanders of pirate vessells suffered and died, most profligate impudent villains. One Warner and his gang has also been tried and condemned but not yet executed.

Leeward Islands, April 23rd. "On 26th March, Capt. Hingston Commander of a ship belonging to London in her way to Jamaica was taken about 4 leagues S. of Antigua by John Roberts Commander of a pirate ship of 42 guns and a briganteen of 18 with 262 white men and 50 negroes in both carryed to Burbuda, and there kept 5 or 6 days having in that time thrown over severall stills, coppers, saddles, bails to fry goods *etc.* and stript their masts of some running rigging and sails and took forceably 12 of his sailors and then discharged him with his ship; the pirate ship had been a French man of war some small time before taken by Roberts in her way from Martinique to France with the Govenor of Martinique on board who the pirates hanged at the yard arm, *etc.* The pirate ran on board the French ship in the night. On 2nd April Hingston was again taken by a French pirate one Nicholaus Commander of a sloop of 6 guns and 63 men, three or four leagues to windward of Spanish Town, and the same day took a sloop belonging to Antigua and barbarously used the people on board her by cutting them with cutlasses and using severall other inhumanities, and having taken away the said sloop's mainsail put the said Hingston and sloop's company with two boys on board her and dismissed them Nicholaus belonged to Martinique from whence he run with the sloop some small time before. A sloop with 50 negroes commanded by a white person was lately run away with from Martinique on the pirating account as is supposed.

A QUARREL AMONG THE PIRATES.

A number of the reports of the trials of pirates were printed at this period, and the evidence tendered sheds considerable light on what may be called the etiquette of piracy. Take the following :—

" Hosea Tisdell, of the Parish of Kingston, Tavernkeeper, deposed, That on or about the Third Day of October, in the Year of Our Lord 1718, he sailed, as a Passenger, in the Brigantine *Endeavour*, John Shattock Master, from the Island of *Jamaica*, bound for Salem in New-England; And that on Thursday, the Twenty third Day of the same Month, they met with a Pirate Brigantine of Twelve Guns, commanded by one Charles Vane, off of Long Island, who bore down on them, hoisted a black Flag, and fired a Shot at them; and then ordered the said Captain Shattock to hoist out his Boat, and come on Board them; which the said Shattock did, the Pirates threatning to fire a Volley of small Shot into them, if they did not make haste. And further deposed, That on Saturday, the Twenty fifth Day of the same Month, the Pirates put the said Captain Shattock, on board his own Brigantine; and, at the same Time, took the Deponent from on board Shattock's Brigantine, and carried him by force on board their Pirate Brigantine, having first rifled Shattock's Brigantine, and taken out several Goods: That the next morning, after the Deponent came on board the Pirate, he saw *Robert Deal* (the Prisoner at the Bar) on board, acting as Mate of the said Pirate Brigantine: And further said, That after the Pirates had suffered Captain Shattock to go from them, they resolved to cruize between Cape Meife and Cape Nicholas; where, on or about the Twenty third Day of November following, they met a French Man of War, whom they attacked: during which Time, the Deponent observ'd, that the Prisoner at the Bar commanded as Mate; and appeared active, and compleatly armed; but, being beat off by the French Ship, the Pirates quarrelled among themselves, and divided their Company.

"That the Quarter-Master, being made Captain of their Brigantine, they turn'd out *Charles Vane, Robert Deal* (the Prisoner at the Bar) and Fifteen Men more, and put them on Board a small Sloop which they had with them, giving them Provisions and Ammunition to provide for themselves; afterwards the Brigantine proceeded towards the Caribee-Islands; and in their Way, took and plundered two or three Vessels, one of which was a Madera Man, bound for Jamaica; which, after they had plundered, they gave back again to the Master of her, and then permitted the Deponent to depart with him for Jamaica.

"John Hill Mariner, deposed, That he, being on Board the *Pearl*, of Jamaica, Captain Charles Rowling Master, at the Bay of Honduras, about the middle of December 1718, he saw two Sloops, coming down on them; and, being at Anchor,

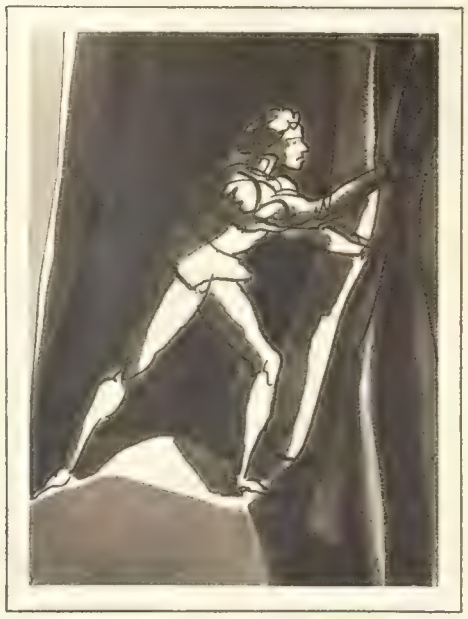
(*Continued on page* 20)

Drawn by Relf

A PIRATE SUN-DRYING ON A JAMAICAN CAY: Rackham Cay, writes Mr. Frank Cundall, secretary of the Institute of Jamaica, still marks the spot where that noted pirate was gibbeted. Several others met their end at the same time. The scaffolds and gibbet for the execution cost £40; the "suits of iron" for them cost £9 apiece

MELUSINE: The Story of the most

Brief accounts of the marriage of the feé Melusine to Count Raymond de Forest, of the mystery of her week-ends, and of the fatal curiosity of the husband appear in English textbooks. Here is told the full story of both the wife and her fateful family in a narrative specially compiled for this Christmas issue of "The Sphere." The illustrations are by Hookway Cowles



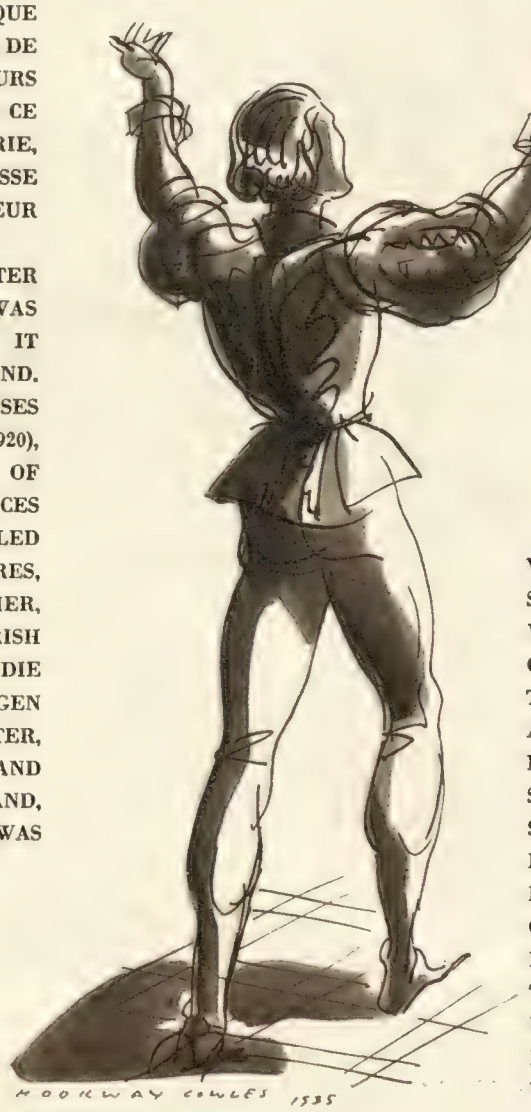
TWO FOURTEENTH-CENTURY WRITERS MADE THE LEGEND OF MELUSINE FAMOUS IN THE MIDDLE AGES. COULDRETTE, WHO WAS A TROUBADOUR, WROTE THE STORY IN VERSE, AND JEAN D'ARRAS, A WELL-KNOWN "CONTEUR," WROTE IT IN PROSE. IT TOOK HIM SIX YEARS TO WRITE HIS VERSION, AND HE TELLS US THAT HE WAS AIDED IN HIS RESEARCHES BY JEAN, DUC DE BERRY, AND BY THE "COMTE DESALABRÉ," WHO WAS, IT APPEARS, WILLIAM MONTAGUE, SON OF THE FIRST COUNT OF SALISBURY. JEAN DE BERRY WAS THE THIRD SON OF THAT KING JOHN OF FRANCE WHO WAS HELD A PRISONER IN ENGLAND BY EDWARD III, AND, THOUGH HE WAS KNOWN AS A CRUEL AND TYRANNICAL MAN, HE WAS AT THE SAME TIME "THE MOST PASSIONATE AND MOST DELICATE BIBLIOPHILE OF THE MIDDLE AGES," AND COLLECTED A FAMOUS LIBRARY AT HIS CASTLE OF LUSIGNAN.

DURING THE WARS WITH ENGLAND WHICH DECIMATED FRANCE THE CASTLE HAD PASSED SEVERAL TIMES FROM HAND TO HAND, BUT FINALLY, IN 1373, JEAN DE BERRY, AIDED BY DE GUESCLIN, TOOK IT FROM THE ENGLISH. STORIES OF A GREAT SERPENT SEEN AT MOMENTS OF DISASTER WERE RIFE IN LUSIGNAN, AND JOHN CRESWELL, FROM WHOM DE GUESCLIN HAD TAKEN THE CASTLE, DECLARED HE HAD SEEN IT IN HIS ROOM. NO DOUBT THESE STORIES INSPIRED JEAN DE BERRY AND HIS SISTER, MARIE DE FRANCE, MARRIED TO ROBERT, DUC DE BARRE, TO PROBE INTO THE SOURCE OF THE LEGEND AND TO ENLIST THE HELP OF JEAN D'ARRAS AND WILLIAM OF SALISBURY. A GREAT DEAL OF MELUSINE'S STORY SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN CONNECTED WITH ENGLAND, AND HERE NO DOUBT THE CO-OPERATION OF WILLIAM OF SALISBURY WAS INVALUABLE, AND HE PERHAPS SEARCHED THROUGH DOCUMENTS STORED AT GLASTONBURY AND SALISBURY, AND BROUGHT OLD MISSALS FROM ENGLAND TO ADD TO THE LIBRARY AT LUSIGNAN.

Famous of the Feés of French Romance

IT WAS ON THE WEDNESDAY BEFORE THE FEAST OF ST. CLEMENT IN THE YEAR OF GRACE 1387 THAT JEAN D'ARRAS BEGAN TO WRITE HIS STORY, "AU PLAISIR DE MON TRES HAULT PUISSANT ET DOUBTE SEIGNEUR JEHAN, FILS DU ROY DE FRANCE, DUC DE BERRY ET D'AUVERGNE, LAQUELLE HISTOIRE J'AIS COMMENCÉ SELON LES VRAIES CHRONIQUES QUE J'AY HUIS COMME DE LUI ET DU CONTE DE SALEBRÉ EN ANGLETERRE, ET PLUSIEURS AUTRE LIVRES QUI'ILS ON CHERCHEZ POUR CE FAIRE, ET POUR QUE SA NOBLE SŒUR MARIE, FILLE DE JEHAN, ROY DE FRANCE, DUCHESSE DE BAREE, AVAIT SUPPLIÉ A MON DICT SEIGNEUR D'AVOIR LA DICTE HISTOIRE."

MELUSINE'S MOTHER WAS PRESSINE, SISTER OF THE FAIRY MORGANA, AND HER FATHER WAS ELINAS, KING OF ALBANY, WHICH WAS, IT APPEARS, THE OLD NAME FOR SCOTLAND. JULES BAUDOT, IN HIS BOOK "LES PRINCESSES YOLANDE ETLES DUCS DE BARRE" (1920), DECLARES THAT THERE IS NO MENTION OF A KING ELINAS OF SCOTLAND, AND ADVANCES THE THEORY THAT HE WAS SOMETIMES CALLED NATHAS, OR MATHATAS, WHICH, HE DECLARES, COMES FROM MACNATHAS, MACNEILL, OR RATHER, O'NEILL, AND THEREFORE MAKES ELINAS IRISH INSTEAD OF SCOTCH. IN HIS BOOK "DIE ÄLTESTEN FRANZÖ-SISCHEN BEARBEITUNGEN DER MELUSINEN SAGE" (1928) LEO HOFFRICHTER, HOWEVER, CONTRADICTS THIS THEORY, AND STATES THAT ELINAS WAS KING OF SCOTLAND, AND THAT HE MET PRESSINE WHEN HE WAS HUNTING IN THE FOREST, AND MARRIED HER, PROMISING THAT HE WOULD NEVER ENTER HER ROOM WHEN SHE WAS WITH CHILD. URGED BY HIS BROTHER, ELINAS BROKE THIS PROMISE, AND, WAILING AND LAMENTING, PRESSINE TOOK HER THREE BABY DAUGHTERS, MELUSINE, MELIOR AND PALATINE, AND FLED TO HER SISTER MORGANA AT AVALON, THE "ISLAND OF THE FAIRIES," NOW KNOWN AS GLASTONBURY. HERE SHE LIVED IN PEACE FOR MANY YEARS, BUT WHEN HER DAUGHTERS WERE OLDER THEY LEARNED OF THEIR FATHER'S BROKEN PROMISE, AND, LED BY MELUSINE—ALWAYS, IT SEEMED, AN ADVENTUROUS SPIRIT—THEY IMPRISONED HIM IN A MOUNTAIN FORTRESS CALLED BY JEAN D'ARRAS "LA HAULTE MONTAGNE DE NARTHUMBERLANDE, NOMMÉ BRUMBELIOYS," THIS BEING, ACCORDING TO JULES BAUDOT, IN REALITY THE MOUNTAIN OF CROSSFELL, IN THE PENNINE CHAIN. BUT WHEN SHE HEARD



WHAT HER DAUGHTERS HAD DONE TO THE MAN SHE STILL LOVED PRESSINE WAS OVERWHELMED WITH SORROW, AND CALLED DOWN ON EACH ONE OF THEM A SEPARATE CURSE. MELIOR AND PALATINE SHE EXILED TO FORTRESSES IN ARMENIA AND ARRAGON, BUT TO MELUSINE, WHO WAS THE ELDEST AND SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE SENSIBLE, SHE GAVE A MORE TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT. EVERY SATURDAY, SHE DECLARED, SHE WOULD CHANGE INTO A SERPENT FROM HER WAIST DOWNWARDS, BUT IF SHE FOUND A MAN WHO WOULD KEEP HIS OATH NEVER TO SEE HER ON A SATURDAY, OR, IF HE SAW HER, WOULD NEVER BREATHE A WORD TO ANYONE OF WHAT HE HAD SEEN, THEN SHE WOULD LIVE TO AN HONOURABLE OLD AGE, AND HER SONS WOULD FOUND A LINE FAMOUS IN THE WORLD. IF, ON THE OTHER HAND, HER HUSBAND BROKE HIS PROMISE, THEN SHE WOULD BECOME A SERPENT AND FIND NO REST AND NO PEACE TILL THE DAY OF JUDGMENT, AND WHENEVER ANY DISASTER OR SORROW THREATENED HER LINE SHE WOULD GO BACK TO THE CASTLE THAT BORE HER NAME.

(*Continued on page* 48)

PIRACY in the WEST INDIES

(*Continued from page 17*)

The inlets of North Carolina which were infested by the rare 18th century pirates. Ocracoke is variously spelt in the documents of the time. It was a dangerous district between Cape Fear and Cape Henry

they got ready to get under Sail; which having done, and the two Sloops coming near, and shewing no Colours, Captain Rowling fired at them; whereupon one of the Sloops hoisted a black Flag, and the other a red Flag, and fired Three Guns each at Rowling's Sloop; which Sloop, thereupon, immediately struck; and Robert Deal (the Prisoner at the Bar) from one of the Two Sloops, called to them to bring their Boat on board; upon which Captain Rowling went into the Boat, intending to go on Board the Sloop, from whence Robert Deal (the Prisoner at the Bar) called, but was ordered by the said Deal to go on board the other Sloop; which he accordingly did, one *Vane* being Commander of her; and the said Deal (the Prisoner at the Bar) commanded the other Sloop. That after they were taken, the two Pirate Sloops, with Rowling's Sloop, their Prize, went to the Island of Bernacko, where the Deponent was several times on board Deal's Sloop; That Deal (the Prisoner at the Bar) acted as Master, and took another Sloop during the Time the Deponent was Prisoner on Board him, one Capt. Wallden Commander, from *Jamaica*, going down to the Bay.

"After the aforesaid Witnesses had severally been examined, His Excellency the President, asked the Prisoner at the Bar, if he had any Defence to make, or any Witnesses to be sworn and examined on his behalf; or if he would have any of the Witnesses, who had been already sworn against him, cross-examined; that if he would, he should propose and declare to the Court what Questions he would have asked? and that if he had any, the Court, or himself, would interrogate them? Whereto he answer'd, That he had no Witnesses in this Island, That he had the King's Pardon from the Governor of *Providence*, but that the same had been taken from him, and torn in Pieces by the Pirates; That what the Witnesses had sworn against him was false.

"Then the Prisoner was taken away from the Bar, and put into safe Custody, and all the Standers by withdrew from the Court, except the Register."

And the report concludes with the terse phrase: "Shortly after the said Robert Deal was executed, at Gallows Point, at Port Royal."

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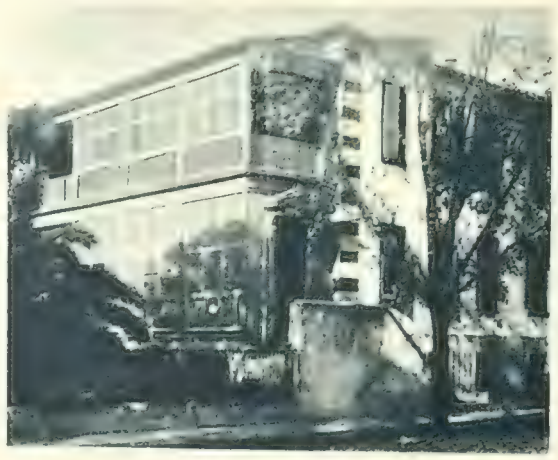
The manning of sloops to go in pursuit of pirates seems to have been easily accomplished, as witness this letter from the Governor Sir Nicholas Lawes to the Council of Trade and Plantations, London. *Jan. 31st, 1719.* "On the 11th Dec., an unlucky accident happened to a ship called the *Kingston* from London whose cargo is said to be valued at £20,000. She was unfortunately taken by one Thómpson, a notorious pirate, within sight of Port Royal, and none of H.M. ships of war being then in harbour, the freighters and owners of that ship made application to me, to commission two sloops. . . .to goe in quest of the said pyrate . . . . They were soon man'd and sayl'd the 26th Dec. in pursuit of the pyrate. But at the South West part of this island they met with two vessels, one of which upon their approach hoisted a black flag at the top-masthead, and then the engagement began. . . . One of our vessels, after an obstinate dispute was boarded and overcome by the pyrate, who threw vast numbers of powder flasks, gradado shells and stinkpots into her which killed and wounded several, and made others jump overboard, seventeen of which our other vessel took up."

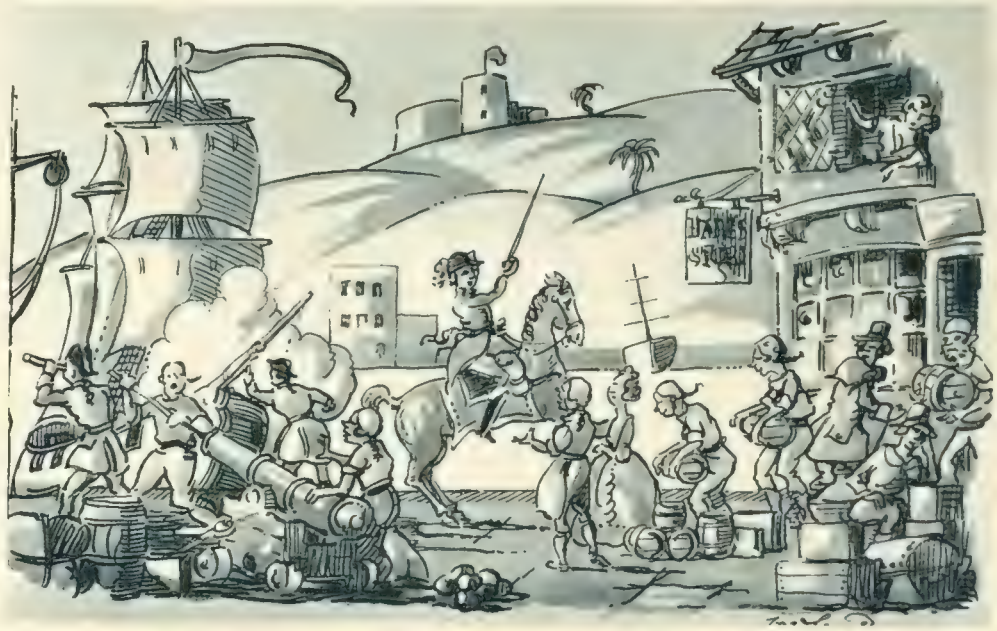


COL. RHETT'S HOUSE IN CHARLESTON: It was originally erected in Rhettsburg, and is one of the few remaining houses of the piracy period. Reproduced by courtesy of the J. B. Lippincott Co.

In the beginning of the year, 1719, we find Governor Woodes Rogers faced by the double danger from the Spaniards and from the pirates, with whom the inhabitants of his islands were still hand in glove. On January 24, he writes indignantly of the men of war who contented themselves with wishing him a merry Christmas in passing at a time when he was confronted with a conspiracy to hand him over to the pirates and seize the fort. Provisions were scarce and the garrison weak. Rogers, finding himself between the devil and the deep sea, began to consider whether, if the pirates came to attack him before the Spaniards, it might not be best to enlist their help against the Spaniards. On January 30, he writes: "Should the pirates come first, it may be best to receive them, to defend myself against the Spaniards, for if I refuse to receive them, most of those I have with me will either joyn them or quitt me, and then they'l possess the place maugre all I can propose to do against them."

THE activity of pirates off Barbados and Antigua was such that it prompted Governor Hamilton to send a guardship to meet the trade fleet from home. He complained that there was no adequate protection against pirates, and indeed, the notorious Roberts, in the *Royal Fortune*, actually entered Basseterre Road in broad daylight, cut out and set fire to some ships, laughed at the fort, and sent an impudent letter to the Governor. The following letter from Lieut.-General Mathew to the Governor gives a good picture, full of amusing touches, of what happened. It is dated September 29th, 1720, St. Christophers: "Tuesday about one of the clock Lt. Isaac Thomas sent me an express with notice that these pirates were actually coming into Basseterre Road. I immediately ordered Lt. Mackenzie to Charles Fort and put a subaltern and 30 of the Militia therein. Ordered Lt. Coll. Payne to get two companys under arms at Sandy Point Town, Capt. Nat. Paine to do the like at Old Road, Major Willett at Palmetto Point, with orders to the gunners at these four places to be in readiness, and then rode to Basse Terre. I gat there by two found the pirate ship and sloop with black flaggs etc., had cut out one ship that was under sail actually then, and had set two more on fire, and our Battery without powder or ball rammer or gun (except two) fit for any service, and everything in confusion.

"I took from Mr. Hare's store by force 7½ barrels of powder, Mr. Parsons furnished a half barril pickt up about town, some shot big and little got four small three pounders from Mr. Peter Thomas mounted on the beach with some shot for them, and two more of the guns on the battery in order, and we had then a small connonading for about an hour, but what with bad gunners unsizable shot, etc., we did them no hurt and they went out of reach for that afternoon and night, this gave me some time to remedy our confusions, etc. The ship they had taken belonged to one Fowls consigned to Mr. Parsons. Fowls with two of his men goes off to them just before I gat to town, and was kept on board. One Hinkson (whose behaviour savored much of knave or coward) had a ship in the Road which they set on fire, tho' there were 500 barrils of beef in, he had it seems sent his boat on board them of his own accord, which with his men they also detained, as they went out of the Road, I perceived she burned but slowly. . . . In the morning (the pirates still) lay off Basse Terre, waiting for these sheep.



Drawing by Wyndham Payne

"I took from Mr. Hare's store by force 7½ barrels of powder": This was an incident in a hurried resistance to an impudent intrusion of pirates. See full account in letter above

"We got by this time 13 great guns in good order among them a 24 pounder, and had got shot from Palmetto Point and cartridge paper from Old Road, about 9 the pirate sloop stood directly in, and just about gun shot off a boat put off from her, and she stood out again, the boat brought on shore Capt. Fowles and one of his men and another man whom they would have forced, but his unwillingness and being troubled with fits made them put him on shore. . . . About 11 the sloop stood in again for these sheep etc. (for Capt. Fowl's forsooth could hardly be kept from going to them again hoping to have his ship etc.). The sloop came close in

(*Continued on page 44*)

BLACKBEARD'S HILL, NEAR CAPE HENRY: This spot in the vicinity of Cape Henry still bears the name of the famous pirate. From the summit of this lofty sand dune, a watcher could report the passing of a merchantman, and if the pirate so determined, his vessels could slip out and attack the ill-fated craft

VANISHED LONDON

Where the favourite of Charles II lived when a famous actress at Drury Lane Theatre

NELL GWYN'S HOUSE—A VISION OF OLD DRURY LANE IN WINTER TIME, BY PHILIP NORMAN, NOW PRESERVED AT THE LONDON MUSEUM, LANCASTER HOUSE.

This water-colour drawing by the late Mr. Philip Norman records a delightful old-world corner of Drury Lane as he saw it in 1880. The view was evidently taken looking southward to the church of St. Mary-le-Strand.

The most noticeable feature of the view is a group of old houses on the right-hand side. The one nearest the spectator with the four windows was plaster fronted and was held by competent opinion to be the house in which Nell Gwyn resided during the early days of her career as an actress.

By this time she was already famous and naturally had her lodgings near the theatre. The Lane was then a fashionable thoroughfare lined with noblemen's mansions, small houses, and a number of inns.

Pepys has described his impression of Nell Gwyn as he passed one day down Drury Lane. "May 1, 1667—Saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodging-door in Drury Lane in her smock sleeves and bodice looking upon me; she seemed a mighty pretty creature." The building subsequently became the Cock and Pie public house, and in 1838 it came into the hands of Mr. George Stockley, a noted bookseller, whose name can be seen upon the board in Mr. Norman's drawing.

LONDON by the RIVER

The Passing of the Houses on Old London Bridge

OLD London Bridge has ever had a fascination for those at all familiar with its history; it was unique in appearance by reason of the houses which were added to the original stone structure. The result must have been gloriously picturesque when the buildings were in their prime, but gradually they lost their original splendour and their doom was decreed. The date when this dire piece of work began was some time in the year 1756, but we have been unable to trace the precise moment. There are references in the *Gentleman's Magazine* about this time, stating that "three pots of money, silver and gold, of the coin of Queen Elizabeth, were found by the workmen in pulling down the houses on London Bridge." The demolition continued for some years. In the *London Chronicle* for August 14, 1760, there is a reference to the discovery of an antique marble font during the pulling down of the chapel on the bridge. The destruction of the old houses was determined upon probably as the result of the contrast presented by what was described as the broad and clear road of the new bridge at Westminster, completed in the year 1749. The Corporation of the City, we are told, viewed with concern the inconvenience of their own wonderful bridge. One party favoured the destruction of the old houses; another favoured their retention. It was urged that when the bridge was cleared of its houses an efficient roadway would be presented, and the cost of a new bridge would not have to be met. It was further pointed out that the houses were irregular in shape, that they extended a considerable distance over the sides of the bridge, some of them projecting farther than others. It was also stated by Mr. Deputy James Hodges that the candle lights in the houses made it dangerous at night time to go through the locks. He urged that people using the river always had sufficient glimmering light to distinguish objects till they came to the bridge itself. There, he said, the light left them, just as they were going to shoot the locks. In the darkness of the bridge shadows it was almost impossible to discover the passage between the sperlings. Here, in this reproduction of Pyne's drawing in the Victoria and Albert Museum, specially reproduced in colour for this issue of THE SPHERE, the old houses seem to recover much of their romantic quality. In this clever reconstruction (the drawing was made about 1836) the plaster has vanished, and the heavy timber structure is revealed. The view shows, on the left, the group of buildings towards the Southwark end of the bridge.

Most commentators, when describing the old bridge, enlarge upon its inconvenience as a traffic way and its dangers to navigation. One "Aleph," who saw the old bridge in the last phase, writes: "The arches were dangerously narrow, so that a wherry in shooting the centre one (for the side arches were seldom used) incurred a great risk of being swamped. The span of the arches had been gradually narrowed by means of stonework added to strengthen them, as from the great age of the piers they were justly thought insecure. Londoners

WATERSIDE HOUSES AND LANDING STAIRS OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LONDON—Painted by Samuel Scott (born 1710, died *Victoria and Albert Museum) Samuel Scott shows the north side of the river at the point where it was joined by the little Fleet River, then an open stream crossed*

DEMOLISHING THE HOUSES ON OLD LONDON BRIDGE—from the picture by G. Pyne : The view is taken from the Southwark end of the bridge looking towards the Church of St. Magnus the Martyr and the Monument. This view shows better than any other the way in which the timber houses bestraddled the stone structure begun in 1176. *Nonsuch House, seen in the centre of the view, over the brown-sailed barge, was constructed entirely of timber, being locked together with wooden pins.*

1772) : *In this picture of riverside London (preserved in the by an elegant footbridge. All the houses are of a warm red brick.*

of that day pronounced the number of vessels in the Pool 'prodigious,' but it must be owned they were very few in comparison with the fleets of 1860. You descended from Gracechurch Street to the bridge by the almost sheer fall of Fish Street Hill, and then had to climb the steep angular curve to the crown of the centre arch—an operation far from pleasant for a foot-passenger, but both toilsome and painful for horses. The mighty pillar to the left of Fish Street Hill looked odd and ugly enough as you passed, threatening to topple over and crush both houses and bridge in one common rüin. The extreme narrowness of the foot and carriage-way occasioned inextricable confusion, passengers and vehicles being often locked together, and sadly imperilled for half the day. No doubt in the busier hours deadlocks do even now occur, but they seldom last (*Continued on page* 26)

A CHARMING VIEWPOINT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY : This view of York Stairs, by T. T. Forest, with Buckingham Watergate.

A CHRISTMAS MORNING
ON THE HILL SIDE

Youth enjoys the rough and tumble of an improvised toboggan slope. From the painting by W. Bryce Hamilton.

A LORD MAYOR'S RIVER PROCESSION—from the painting by Richard Paton (Guildhall Art Gallery) : This scene of colourful river pageantry was painted in 1789.

OLD LONDON AND ITS RIVER

(*Continued from page 23*)

more than a few minutes and the police arrangements prevent danger. The year 1800, however, had some advantage over 1860. The Thames was comparatively pure—the water was drinkable—fish might be caught in the stream, where now nothing but whitebait can exist. Gas-washings and the tribute of a thousand foul sewers have ejected the fish and poisoned the water."

Here is another, a later writer, C. W. Heckenthorn. He evidently responds in some measure to the lure of the old bridge, but emphasises the dangers of the waterway below.

"One of the most curious buildings on the bridge was Nonsuch House; it was entirely of wood, constructed in and brought over from Holland, and set up here without the assistance of mortar or iron, only wooden pegs being used to hold it together. It extended across the bridge by means of an archway, was elaborately carved on its principal front, four stories high, towards Southwark, and on its east and west gables, which protruded a considerable way beyond the line of the bridge, while the square towers at each of its four corners were crowned by short domes, or Kremlin spires, and their gilded vanes rose high above all the surrounding buildings. Looked at from a distance, concerning which more presently, the bridge was a grand object, but in itself the street it formed was not attractive. Pennant says: 'I well remember the street on London Bridge (circa 1750)—narrow, darksome, and dangerous to passengers from the multitude of carriages; frequent arches of strong timbers crossed the streets from the tops of the houses to keep them together, and from falling into the river. Nothing but use could preserve the rest of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of the falling waters, the clamours of the watermen, and the frequent shrieks of drowning wretches.' In Kay's 'Proverbs' (1737) we read: 'London Bridge was made for wise men to go over and fools to go under.' The houses were chiefly tenanted by haberdashers, but the bridge was also one of the principal literary emporia of London, and there were grocers, salters, scriveners, and others living on the bridge. There was also a tavern, the Bear, at the bridge foot at the Southwark end, which Thomas Drynkewater, taverner of London (a strange name for a taverner!), leased in 1319 to one James Beauflur."

PAINTED JUST BEFORE THE FINAL DESTRUCTION OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE: George Scharf's view (in Victoria and Albert Museum) shows the red brick façade of Crooked Lane, with the white stone of St. Michael's Church. The Monument to the Great Fire of London appears in the background. On the extreme right, workmen are engaged in pulling down a group of houses as part of the land demolition entailed by the building of the new London Bridge.

The essential historical glories and picturesque character of "the ancient waymark of the stream and wonder of the land" are best

discovered in verse. One signing himself "J. P." bursts into the following lament in a farewell to old London Bridge which he penned in 1832:

Adieu! thou old and honor'd way
Across the rolling tide,
In strength and beauty thou hast stretch'd
Thy form from side to side.

On thee the peaceful Pilgrim train
Have met the blessing sight,
And laurell'd Kings and Conquerors
Pass'd proudly from the fight!

The traitor and the true man too,
The graceless and the good,
By turns have blacken'd in the sun
Where thy proud portals stood.

The pomp of tourney and of tilt
Thy battlements could boast,
And many a train of loveliness,
And many a warlike host—

In fairest show of pageantry
They trod thy causeway o'er,
But none, or beautiful, or brave,
Shall tread that causeway more.

The number of casualties in "shooting the bridge" appear to have been considerable, judging from the frequent references in prose and verse.

For thou dost make the flowing tide
The grave of gentle youth;
And boyhood's heart of hopefulness,
And beauty's eye of truth.
By thee—thou Moloch of the flood—
Were doom'd on either shore,
To beat with wild ambition's throb,
And smile in love no more.

It would be very instructive if one could learn how the London citizen reacted to these river accidents. Perhaps he took them just as so many of us take the road casualties of to-day.

But in spite of all its difficulties as a traffic thoroughfare — there were prolonged jams on the bridge — and its dangers to river traffic, one may question the wisdom of the City Fathers in demolishing the houses which stood upon their famous bridge. They had before them a unique structure dating from the early thirteenth century. Over its twenty arches had passed most of London's history in varied array. In its prime, the building must have presented an arresting sight, with its Gothic chapel in stone and its towering timber houses. That they overhung the bridge and varied in size can only have added to the general diversity and attraction of its façade. In ordering the pulling down of the houses, London's civic authorities surrendered an annual rental of about £850. At the same time they assisted in the destruction of an historic treasure, the tourist value of which to-day would be incalculable. Had the City Fathers determined to recondition the houses and bridge and handed them down to the present day, no visitor to Europe could possibly have omitted such a sight from his Continental tour.

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THE THAMES IN VERSE

SHOOTING THE BRIDGE

by George Canning, 1798

So thy dark arches, London Bridge, bestride
Indignant Thames, and part his angry tide;

EAST INDIA WHARF—by Peter Monamy: Peter Monamy, the painter of the above scene in an 18th-century London dock, was born in Jersey and died in Westminster in 1749. The vessels lying in the river have high pitched sterns and great curving bows carrying the bowsprit; everything was timber built.

Where oft—returning from those green retreats,
Where fair Vauxhallia decks her sylvan seats;—

Where each spruce nymph, from city compters free,
Sips the frothed syllabub, or fragrant tea;
While with sliced ham, scraped beef, and burnt champagne,
Her 'prentice lover soothes his amorous pain;
—There oft, in well-trimmed wherry, glide along
Smart beaux and giggling belles, a glittering throng;
Smells the tarred rope—with undulation fine
Flaps the loose sail—the silken awnings shine;

"Shoot we the bridge" venturous boatmen cry—
"Shoot we the bridge"—the exulting fare reply.
—Down the steep fall the headlong waters go,
Curls the white foam, the breakers roar below.

—The veering helm the dexterous steersman stops,
Shifts the thin oar, the fluttering canvas drops;
Then with closed eyes, clenched hands, and quick-drawn breath,
Darts at the central arch, nor heeds the gulf beneath.

—Full 'gainst the pier the unsteady timbers knock;
The loose planks starting own the impetuous shock;
The shifted oar, dropped sail, and steadied helm
With angry surge the closing waters whelm—
Laughs the glad Thames, and clasps each fair one's charms
That screams and scrambles in his oozy arms.

—Drenched each smart garb, and clogged each struggling limb,
Far o'er the stream the cockneys sink or swim;
While each badged boatman clinging to his oar
Bounds o'er the buoyant wave, and climbs the applauding shore. (*Continued on page* 28)

OLD LONDON

And Its River

(*Continued from page* 27)

WAPPING OLD STAIRS

from *The British Album*, 1790

Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs,
When I swore that I still would continue the same,
And gave you the 'bacco box mark'd with your name;
When I pass'd a whole fortnight between decks with you,
Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of the crew?
To be useful and kind, with my Thomas I stay'd,
For his trousers I wash'd, and his grog, too, I made.

Though you threaten'd, last Sunday, to walk in the Mall
With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal,
In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear;
Why should Sal, or should Susan, than me be more priz'd?
For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despis'd;
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake,
Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog, too, I'll make.

IN THE WHITE HART YARD, BROOKE STREET, HOLBORN: Painted by Philip Norman as recently as 1903. *Both these drawings are preserved in the London Museum.*

THE MERMAID TAVERN

By JOHN KEATS, 1818

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

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I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheep-skin gave the story,—
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new old-sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

◆

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

◆

Go where we may,
Rest where we will,
Eternal London haunts us still.

THOMAS MOORE in
Rhymes on the Road

A GALLERIED INN WHICH LONG SURVIVED: Mr. Philip Norman painted this view when the Old Bell in Holborn was still in active use. It was popular to the last as a luncheon place for Holborn habitués.

THE INNS OF LONDON

AMONG the numerous water colour drawings made by the late Mr. Philip Norman, that indefatigable recorder of ancient London, there are a considerable number which recall the inns of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, when coaching was in its heyday. The Philip Norman collection is preserved partly at the London Museum and at the Victoria and Albert, the two examples (from the London Museum) given here have been specially reproduced in colour for this Christmas issue of THE SPHERE. The Old Bell in Holborn may be remembered by a number of our readers before it vanished under the necessities of modern trade. It is described as follows in Mr. L. Wagner's *London Inns and Taverns*.

"The Bell, with a china shop on one side of the archway, timbered galleries round the yard, projecting eaves and strange, rickety stair-steps, vanished in the year 1879 to make way for the present tavern-restaurant of the same name. Taylor, the 'Water Poet,' refers to the carriers of Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, lodging at the Bell, Holborn, in his *Carriers' Cosmographie*. William Black has this picture of it in his novel *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton* when it had somewhat lapsed into decay: Now from the quaint little yard which is surrounded by frail and dilapidated galleries of wood that tell of the grandeur of other days, there starts a solitary omnibus that daily whisks a few country people and their parcels to Uxbridge and Chalfont and Amersham and Wendover."

◆

"It is odd to reflect that, were the coach yard still there, the chars-à-bancs depositing passengers from distant towns at the doors of the mammoth bazaar on either side of the modern 'house' would find a ready accommodation. Unfortunately, Gamage's has absorbed a great part of the site of the Old Bell and the whole of that of the Black Bull which adjoined it. At the last-named inn was where Dickens's Mr. Lewsome fell ill and had for his nurses Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig, and when convalescent he was helped into a coach in the yard under the eyes of Mr. Mould, the undertaker."

◆

When the Old Bell was in its prime there were 3,026 stage-coaches in the whole country, of which 1,507 started from London. One of the most picturesque sights of the period was that afforded by the daily departure of the mail-coaches, so admirably described by de Quincey in his *Down to the Country with Victory*. They started every night about eight o'clock from the Post Office, except on Sunday evenings, when they went off an hour earlier, and a few started from the East End, the mails being conveyed to them in mail-carts. All the rest arrived a short time before the hour of starting from their respective inns.

The magic of hoar frost on the branches — a study on the banks of the River Deveron, near Huntly, Aberdeenshire, by Alexander Beattie

THE TRACERY of the TREES

WINTER
by Cyril Bion

From a water-colour drawing recently exhibited at the Walker Galleries, New Bond Street

DOGS of . . . . HIGH DEGREE

" Who said rabbit? "

" Yes, I've known many a butcher boy in my day . . ."

Right :
Are they talking of a walk?

◆ ◆
◆

The four large studies are by Mrs. Joan Lyne

Right :
Ready for the holidays

"Yes, we promise to be good, we do, we do, we do!"

A BEDTIME STORY :

A camera study of a little boy and his pet parrot, who listens every evening to a little tale from his young master before retiring for the night

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BOOTH'S
MATURED
DRY GIN

FOREMOST TO-DAY

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

By MARGERY LAWRENCE

IT was a very merry house-party. The givers of it, Colonel and Lady Garrison, were two pleasant gregarious souls; not peculiarly interesting in themselves, but possessing that priceless gift that in my opinion should be subsidised, when found, by the Government of the country to which the owner of it belongs! That gift that the Americans crisply describe as "mixing."

The Garrisons, childless, well-to-do and middle-aged, gave, it was well known, by far the most amusing parties in their particular coterie, and fierce was the competition for invitations, especially to the annual Christmas house-party, held in their country house, a rambling, old-fashioned but supremely comfortable old manor in a well-known hunting county. The Colonel was a keen man to hounds, and despite his increasing years and weight, still easily held his own with the younger men, and several of his rivals in the hunting field were members of the present party who, sitting round a blazing fire in the drawing-room after dinner, were eating chestnuts and cracking jokes, well pleased with themselves, their dinner and their hosts.

Ted Boulter, the M.F.H., and his pretty little wife, whose Dresden-china beauty belied her pluck across country; the two Symons, brother and sister, Londoners, dark, given to odd clothes, and odder Bohemian jargon; altogether too "arty and crafty" in the Colonel's private opinion, but indubitably young people to know, since they were rapidly becoming the only people who counted in the matter of smart house-decoration; the Todhunters, travellers and explorers; Cecily Fleet, a county beauty, just embarking on a film-career, and her two admirers, Len Ponsonby and Terry Walters; a couple of young nephews, all bounce and brawn, and two new acquaintances that Lady Garrison had picked up at the bridge club she frequented in town, Doctor and Mrs. Playfair—charming people, thought the Colonel, as, with his glasses perched precariously on his forehead and his dinner-jacket rumpled as usual between his shoulders, he twiddled with the knobs on his beloved radio in a vain endeavour to get Rome or Milan. Charming people! Playfair himself was a brilliant young feller; one of the coming men in Harley Street, everybody said. And his wife was a damn' pretty woman! Small and slim and exquisitely dressed, with hair the colour of a new chestnut, and golden hazel eyes.

The two were complete lovebirds. At least, Playfair was obviously madly in love with his wife, never let her out of his sight unless he could help it; while she seemed sincerely fond of him—but therein lay a world of difference! Still, it seemed to be working all right, thought the Colonel to himself, as he struggled with the wireless. But neither Rome nor Milan responded and, defeated, he turned to his guests.

* * *

"Something wrong with the damn' thing! Not that it matters. Anybody care for a game of billiards?" he demanded.

A chorus of assent came from the younger men, but Lady Garrison's motherly voice rose above them.

"Not a bit of it! I'm not going to let one of you out of here yet. I've got a surprise!"

"Not another ghost?" demanded Cecily Fleet, who had been at last year's gathering and still retained vivid memories of the amazingly well-staged "ghost" scare that Lady Garrison had got up for the amusement of her Christmas guests. Lady Garrison, plump and matronly in plum-coloured satin, shook her well-marcelled grey head.

"Nothing so ordinary!" She looked round the expectant circle with a smile of satisfaction. "I've got another 'stunt'—as you young people call it. I've got—what do you think? I've persuaded Madame Esperanza to come and give us a sitting!"

There was a general chorus of acclamation.

"What? the famous medium? How splendid! How perfectly *thrilling*—how marvellous!"

The Boulters, who had a passion for bridge and considered any evening not spent at cards an evening wasted, smiled with tempered enthusiasm and said nothing. Cecily Fleet pressed her fingers, long and slender and tipped with shining scarlet nails, to her correspondingly scarlet lips and rolled scared blue eyes over them at the company in general.

"I shall be simply *terrified!*" she proclaimed, but from his post at one side of the fire Ned Playfair responded, smiling indulgently.

"No need to be in the least alarmed, Miss Fleet!" His rich, pleasant voice was comfortingly reassuring. "It's only an amusing game, of course. I assure you there's nothing whatever in these so-called mediums. Nothing supernatural, that is."

"What do you mean by 'nothing whatever in it?'"

Lady Garrison's tone was faintly nettled. With a bend of his handsome head in her direction the young doctor deprecatingly replied:

"Please forgive me, Lady Garrison. But really, you see, as a doctor we know what this kind of thing is worth. And surely you, of all people, only regard a thing like this—this sitting, séance, whatever one likes to call it—as an amusing sort of game? You don't think there's really anything in it?"

There was a pause. Lady Garrison's plump face was faintly flushed and her lips were pressed together. She was sharply irritated, in truth. Not that she herself was an ardent believer in spiritualism, in which, to be honest, she was merely a dabbler, half-believing and half-sceptical. But Playfair's undisguised contempt stung her at least to momentary championship.

"I don't know." She spoke defiantly. "I'm not clever enough to argue the point, Doctor Playfair, and I freely admit that I, personally, haven't done enough of it to be able to speak with any authority. But if people like Marshall Hall and Oliver Lodge and—er, Conan Doyle and so on—find something worth considering in it, it surely can't be dismissed so easily as that?"

There was an awkward pause. Cecily Fleet broke it, with a little gush of girlish earnestness.

"I'm sure the doctor didn't mean . . . er . . . that," she said, skilfully skimming over what precisely she meant by "that," "but I'm sure the rest of us want to see Madame What's-her-name most frightfully! I *do*, for one."

"*We* do!" chorused the Symons eagerly, and a general murmur of enthusiasm arose. It was obvious that the doctor's attitude of antagonism was not popular, and he was clever enough to see the wisdom of retreating at least a little way. He had no desire to quarrel with the Garrisons and their very well-to-do circle. He smiled disarmingly.

"I'm sure I apologise, Lady Garrison, if inadvertently I said anything you might have construed into a sneer or a slight on your 'surprise.'"

He smiled again at the old lady where she sat stiffly braced, upright in her favourite red satin Victorian chair, and against her will she thawed, smiling reluctantly back. Certainly Playfair knew how to handle women, reflected the Colonel, amused. Repute had it he had had plenty of experience with 'em! Even that his large practice was due to his extraordinary influence over—and charm for—women. But that was gossip in all probability. Mere jealousy directed against a rising man, and the Colonel, who was strictly fair-minded, scouted the idea almost as soon as it raised its head. Yet it would not be entirely banished . . . like a sardonic imp it sat there, in the remotest corner of his mind, listening and watching as the young doctor smoothed down the ruffled feelings of his hostess and re-established himself in her good graces.

"You know I didn't mean to be at all rude, Lady Garrison—far from it! I spoke on impulse, that's all—and I had no idea you took the thing so seriously. But since you do—why then I withdraw! Of course, I shall be only too pleased to join in anything you like to arrange."

* * *

Lady Garrison rose, appeased.

"That's all right," she said. "I'll go and fetch Madame Esperanza. She's here already—resting and preparing in my room."

Mrs. Boulter gave a little squeak of delighted fear.

"Oh, is she here? Have you kept her hidden until this moment! Oh, Ted, how *thrilling!*"

"I only hope," said Lady Garrison, "that the sitting *will* be thrilling. But, mind—I don't promise anything. She said herself that unless the conditions were favourable she couldn't guarantee anything at all."

"The usual guff," muttered Ned Playfair to his wife, as the Colonel, ever courteous, shuffled after his plump wife to open the door for her. Ida Playfair glanced up at him curiously, her hazel eyes starry under the shadow of her fringe of chestnut hair.

"Don't you like it, Ned? If you'd rather not sit I'm sure we can get out of it. I'm a little bit scared, to be honest!"

He shook his head and glanced round the rest of the group, their eyes fixed expectantly on the door.

"I'm afraid not. I've rather foolishly put the old girl's back up by joking about it, and since I want to get 'em as patients, or at least some of their friends—they've a hell of a lot of influence—I suppose we shall have to sit through it. But you've no reason to feel scared, Ida. It's all rot. Clever posing, with a spot of telepathy or hypnotism or guesswork thrown in as a makeweight!"

He smiled down at her reassuringly, but her eyes were on the fire. Her expression was faintly dissatisfied.

"I don't know," she began, "if, as Lady Garrison says, all these brilliant men have come to the conclusion that there *is* something in it surely it can't be *all* rubbish? And Tillie van Heyden told me. . . ."

Impatiently he interrupted, his black brows drawn together in a dangerous looking scowl.

"I don't care what Tillie van Heyden said. She's a silly twittering fool anyway—just the type that likes to mess about with what it describes as 'the occult.' I tell you it's a fraud, and when it's not deliberate fraud it's a mixture of hysteria and self-delusion and hypnotism and I don't know what all! If it didn't mean that I can't afford to offend the old folks—we've only just got to know 'em—I'd go upstairs to bed right away, and not waste time on their damn' silly séance. But, however. . . ."

He paused, for the door opened and Lady Garrison entered followed by a strange woman. An insignificant little woman wearing a shabby black velvet dress ornamented with a conglomeration of cheap beads about the neck; she had greying hair untidily bundled into a "bun" at the back of her head, pince-nez, and a small faded indefinite face behind the pince-nez. An almost audible hush of disappointment ran round the room, for nobody less like a professional sybil could possibly be imagined—but Lady Garrison, experienced hostess, instantly filled in the awkward moment with a flood of introductions.

"Madame Esperanza—Mrs. Boulter, Miss Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. Todhunter. . . ."

The little woman, warming her meagre hands at the fire, nodded and smiled vaguely at each fresh name until Lady Garrison ended her litany with:

"Dr. and Mrs. Playfair. And that's the lot!"

The medium, raising her eyes from the fire, surveyed the owners of the last two names—he still standing with one arm on the mantelpiece, watching the proceedings with a quizzical eye, she crouched on a black velvet pouffe at his feet, her white tulle frock billowing about her like a summer cloud. For a moment Madame Esperanza eyed the pretty woman at her feet, then spoke suddenly.

"Are you going to be at the sitting?" she asked.

(*Continued on page* 36)

MISS EDITH EVANS IN RESTORATION COMEDY

From the painting by Ethel Gabain in the 1935 *R.A. exhibition and purchased by the City of Stoke-on-Trent for their permanent exhibition*

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THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

(*Continued from page* 36)

the lines down each side of the mouth, the deep hollows about the eyes, looked as though carved in stone—the whole face looked, indeed, like the face of some old Crusader reclining "man size in marble" upon his own tomb. Or the death-mask, stern, immovable, of some ancient king, long forgotten of mankind—even as Ida Playfair stared and shivered, clutching her husband's hand, the medium shuddered violently, gave a smothered ejaculation in some unknown tongue, and then with an indescribable majesty sat upright in her chair. With eyes still shut she turned her head slowly from side to side, following the ring of faces as though she saw, indeed, through those fast closed lids; and her face was sternly unfamiliar.

Mrs. Boulter clutched her husband's arm.

"It's—it's not the same woman!" she whispered agitatedly. "It's a man's face. Oh, Tony, I wish we hadn't started, I'm frightened. . . ."

A deep voice broke the silence, uttering a few unintelligible words. "The usual bastard Hebrew or Egyptian," muttered the doctor under his breath, but he dared not speak aloud. Although he was still utterly convinced that the whole thing was nothing but a clever fraud, against his will he was impressed. Impressed at least into silence—and that change in the face, that voice, heavy, masculine, rich, was certainly amazingly well done. Who'd have thought that shabby little Aunt Jane had it in her?

The voice was speaking again, but now in English.

"Peace be to this house!" The head bowed gravely in the direction of Lady Garrison, sitting upright clutching the hands of her neighbours, her wholesome pink face flushed with excitement and nervousness. "Peace!" The blind eyes went round the circle again as though seeking something, then paused. "Peace and greetings to all from the world of Spirit. I know what you would have—you would hold talk with those whom you call dead. With those who are on *this* side. And that is well—when you take care to whom you talk."

There was a pause while the sitters bewildered, looked at each other. Lady Garrison broke it at last.

"Er—how do you do?" The lame modern phrase sounded incredibly foolish. "I—we are very glad to see you, and of course you are quite right about what we want to do. But we don't quite understand. . . ."

"I will explain!"

The deep voice paused, then continued.

"I am what you call the 'control' of this instrument here on earth—and the name I use is Sekhet. On this side we do not like to allow these instruments—what you call mediums—to be used by anyone who chooses. We try to keep back those whom we do not think should speak to you; yet our powers are limited, and if the force is very strong—we must stand aside and permit it to speak. But—in this case I do not think it would be wise."

"What *do* you mean?"

It was Ned Playfair's voice, brusque, unbelieving, that broke the puzzled silence that had followed on the control's speech. The figure bowed its head.

"I mean that there is here, amongst other souls who wish to speak, one soul that I would try to keep from speaking. And for that reason I think it would be wise," he bowed once more, with ineffable grace and courtesy, towards Lady Garrison, "to what you call 'break up' the meeting? Release your hands, thus shutting the current off, and I will bring the medium out of trance at once." A chorus of astonished and indignant voices answered him.

"Give it up—just when it's getting interesting? *What* an idea! But why?"

The chorus rolled round the circle while Ned Playfair sat back and smiled. Just as he had expected. The woman, seeing from the outset that he was not to be fooled like the others had tried to frighten him—first through Ida, then directly—away from the sitting; and now, finding he was not to be so frightened, she had recourse to this childish expedient. She was prepared to break up the circle, to lose her fee, and disappoint a group of eminently worth-while people sooner than risk discovery—now nothing in the world would persuade him to allow the circle to be broken, and he added his sharply cut drawl to the chorus.

"Surely Mr.—er, Sekhet—you don't think you can frighten us in that way? I can assure you that we are prepared for any and everything that may happen! But we are *not* prepared to abandon the sitting."

There was a momentary pause. The others looked gratefully at their champion, but Ida Playfair, suddenly white, half-rose from her seat.

"I—I want to go!" she whispered. Her face was curiously strained, her great eyes ringed like a doe's. "I don't know why—but I want to go."

The deep voice answered from the centre of the circle.

"That is wise, little lady. You may go. But for you others—close the circle in as she leaves, friends, so that the current is broken as little as possible."

Without a word the white-clad figure rose and unlocked the door. As the door closed behind her the voice resumed:

"With regard to what you say, my son," the blind eyes seemed to pierce right through the dark young doctor where he sat, "if you insist—all have free will, and if it is the will of all to go on with this sitting, so be it. But—I still advise you against it."

OUR POSTMAN *From the water-colour drawing by Kenneth Harrow*

There was a faint pause. Lady Garrison, more impressed than she cared to admit, glanced uncertainly round the circle. The Boulters looked doubtful, the Todhunters puzzled, the Symons cynically amused, Cecily Fleet and her attendant swains definitely disappointed—a very little would have persuaded the good lady to take the mysterious Sekhet's advice and dissolve the circle altogether, but Ned Playfair's voice rose again, brusque, antagonistic.

"I suggest we are rather wasting time, Lady Garrison. I, for one, refuse to be alarmed by vague hints and warnings. We formed this circle for the definite purpose of seeing signs and wonders, and if Madame Esperanza feels that for some reasons," the sneer was patent, "she cannot to-night produce these signs and wonders, then let her say so plainly and candidly? But if she is *not* prepared to say so—why, then let her carry on!"

"And we'll take the consequences," suggested Cecily Fleet with a giggle, "if there are any?"

"And," agreed Playfair suavely, "we'll take the consequences. At least if there are any consequences we shall all agree not to blame you, Mr. Sekhet!"

The sternly upright figure in the centre of the circle bowed its head resignedly.

"So be it! You have, as I said, free will. And if you will insist, against my advice, upon opening this door to-night, then I will do my best to control the soul that already beats upon it, desiring to re-establish contact with the earth he has left. Be still, all! I go to prepare the way."

There was a slight convulsion of the body, and the medium, drooped together, fell back into the chair. In the red light her face was again the face of a weary little middle-aged woman, lined and tired—Cecily Fleet, who was sitting on the other side of Ned Playfair, nudged him eagerly as she whispered.

"Look, isn't that odd? Her face looked just like a man when *That* was talking—and now it's herself again! Isn't that queer?"

But there was no time to answer, for the medium, muttering rapidly and unintelligibly to herself, was rising upright in her chair again. Her face was twisted and distressed, and the voice that came through her lips was hoarse, with a rattle now and then—like the voice of somebody striving, through the stress of furious excitement, to speak clearly and connectedly. A voice entirely and utterly different from the measured, level tones of Sekhet. Suddenly the hoarseness left it and it came clear, ringing, a strong masculine voice—and at the sound of it Ned Playfair bounded in his chair, his face suddenly chalk-white, his eyes blazing.

Yet the voice was not addressing him—it seemed to be arguing with someone unseen, so that it sounded for all the world like a human voice arguing with a telephone operator.

"Let me get through, will you—oh, yes, I'll remember. I'll keep steady—at least I'll do my best, but don't lecture me now, d'you hear? I've *got* to get through—I tell you I must, I know she's there!" Then in a ringing shout that rang through the room like a clarion call. "*I want my wife, I say! I want my wife!*"

The call was so electric, so painful in its intensity, that a loud and startled gasp ran round the circle, Cecily Fleet, her flippancy vanished, gave a pitiful little cry that echoed Mrs. Boulter's, and the hot tears pricked behind Lady Garrison's eyes, as in a strangled voice she stammered.

"Your wife? I'm afraid . . . who is it speaking?"

"Neil Ramsay!" came the answer instantly, sharp and clear, and Cecily Fleet, hearing a quick-drawn breath at her shoulder, turned and peered at the man beside her. Odd that Ned Playfair, who of all people had been at the start the hardest, the most defiantly sceptical, should be so shaken now! Even in the dusky red glow from the scarlet-draped lamp one could see how white he was.

"Did you know Neil Ramsay?" she whispered. But Playfair shook his head.

"No! No!" he muttered feverishly—and the entire circle started with amazement and alarm as the voice came again, this time in a furious shout.

"*Liar!* You to say you don't know me, Ned Playfair!"

With a huge effort the medium staggered from the chair and standing planted firmly on her feet, faced the white-faced doctor. Half-risen from his chair, Playfair stood shaking, endeavouring to steady himself with one hand upon his chair-back, but with the sweat of sheer terror running down his face, while within him two things fought fiercely for mastery. Cynicism—the bitter atheism that refused, even at this moment, to believe that he beheld anything other than a horribly brilliant *tour de force* of acting—and fear. That dreadful aching fear that turns a man's bones to water and his soul to a stone that sinks therein . . . madly he snatched at his vanishing self-control, and tried to laugh. But all that came was a cracked whisper, a ghastly echo of a laugh.

"Ha, ha! Of course I remember you now, old fellow. Neil Ramsay! But why. . . ."

"You know why I come. You don't need to ask."

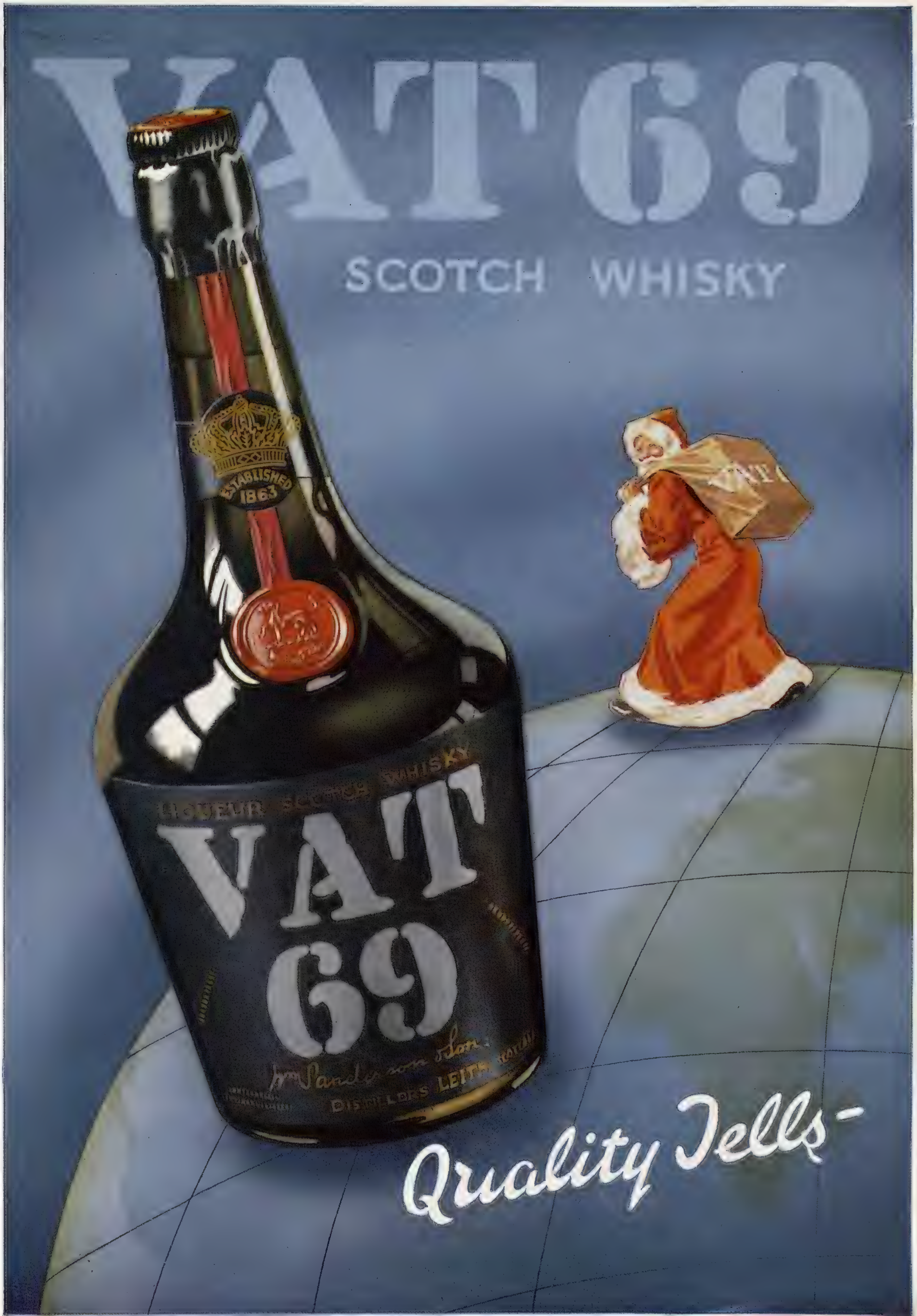
The little figure in black was menacing now. Frail as a shadow, yet charged with a dreadful shattering power.

"*You* know why I come, Playfair. To find my wife. My wife—of whom you robbed me!"

A terrified shuddering ran round the circle, and Mrs. Boulter slipped quietly to the ground in a faint—but held in the steel grip of sheer fascinated horror, nobody could either move or speak. Playfair stood as though turned to stone, his eyes fixed on the grim little figure before him as the voice thundered on.

"Of whom you robbed me, Ned Playfair. *The wife for whom you murdered me!*"

(*Continued on page* 56)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SUNDAY MORNING. From the painting by G. G. Kilburne, dated 1872

This conversation piece of the early 'seventies records in detail the fashions and modes of the period. It is reproduced by courtesy of Mr. W. S. Wilding, the owner of the picture

RUSHES ON THE FLOOR:

An examination of the reputed old English custom of strewing the floor with rushes —a question which raises many odd points as to its general use

By MARY CROSBIE

Probably every child is taught that at one time our forefathers were in the habit of covering the floors of their houses with rushes. Every popular school "reader" dealing with habits and customs of the English in the Middle Ages or in Tudor times mentions this interesting custom. A very regular reader and occasional critic of "The Sphere" recently took us to task on this matter, and asserted that in Henry VIII's reign the floors of all houses, palaces included, were covered with rushes, and that any picture with a carpet in it could not be of Tudor origin. This bold statement raises a very interesting point, and as a first excursion into the matter, a very wide examination of old prints and initial letters to MSS. fails to reveal any picture of this ancient and supposedly very general custom. The accompanying notes show how far written documents support the story of the use of rushes and also how far carpets were used as floor coverings in early days.

THE often quoted description of the filthy rush-strewn floors, given by Erasmus, needs some qualification. No doubt the rushes quickly got dirty, but the household books of more than one great family show that they were frequently renewed. "The brave Lord Willoughby" paid every month for rushes anything from three shillings and sixpence to ten shillings. Says a visitor from Venice: "In England the houses are all of wood, and both rooms and corridors are of the same material. Over the floors they strew weeds called 'rushes,' which resemble reeds and grow in the water. Every eight or ten days they put down a fresh layer." It seems reasonable to suppose that the old layer was sometimes removed, for if a fresh layer were superadded every ten days our ancestors would soon have been wading instead of walking across their rooms.

An earlier writer puts it:—

"All herbes and flowers,
fragraunte, fayre and
sweete
Were strawed in halles
and layed under theyre
fete."

Hay, too, was used. Elizabeth's presence chamber is described by a foreign writer as "hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, strewn with hay." "Herbs and flowers"—Cardinal Wolsey was accused of great extravagance in the use of them.

Sometimes the rushes were plaited into a mat or carpet. As late as the mid-seventeenth century, the Royal accounts speak of "27 yards of fine bulrush mat." And this plaiting of rushes had begun at a much earlier date. A fifteenth-century illuminated manuscript in the British Museum shows a carpet of this nature, carefully and definitely indicated.

Carpets of woven cut pile, tapestry, cross-stitch, mochado (mock velvet), plaited fibres, and leather occur in Tudor and pre-Tudor inventories. They are described as table carpets, but there was also the *fote-cloth*, of which the use is equally plain. The earliest mention of it is a chronicler's statement that Egeberic, Abbot of Croyland (before A.D. 992), gave two large foot-cloths, woven with lions, to be laid before the altar on great festivals, and two shorter ones, trailed all over with flowers, for feast days of the Apostles.

Pile carpets came to England with Eleanor of Castile. Matthew Paris, talking of the Spanish ambassadors who preceded her arrival, notes that their customs were quite unlike those of the English. "The walls of their lodgings in the Temple were hung with silk and tapestry, and the very floors covered with costly carpets."

Is it extravagant to suppose that the English court occasionally thereafter imitated foreign splendour?

It may be granted that "carpets" were mostly used for table covering:—

"One carpet of black velvet, for the little bord, laced and fringed with silver and gould, lyned with taffeta," is mentioned among the Hengrave Hall plenishing. "Inferior artificers and manie farmers . . . have for the most part learned to garnish their tables with carpets and

(*Continued on page 54*)

POSSIBLY A REPRESENTATION OF RUSHES ON THE FLOOR: from Queen Mary's Psalter, a royal MS. in the British Museum. This is one of the very few documents which show anything at all resembling rushes. Even this one does not give the impression one would expect

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A PICTORIAL COMPETITION: for Old & Young

Drawn by Percy Home

Previous pictorial competitions have been such a success that the Editor is offering another one to his readers this year. The upper portion of this page shows a river in Belgium, but the buildings and barges have to be added to complete the picture. The lower portion of the page contains the various component parts of the scene which, when placed in position, will cover most of the distant view. These portions should be cut out and pasted upon the upper view in the positions which the competitor thinks to be most suitable and logical. One portion may overlap another. The finished picture is based upon an actual scene, so that the various pieces should fall into their natural places. Three prizes will be given for the best solutions; First Prize, £5; Second Prize, £3, and Third Prize, £2. Post your solutions to the Competition Editor, "The Sphere" Office, 346, Strand, W.C., not later than January 11, 1936. The Editor's decision in every case is final.

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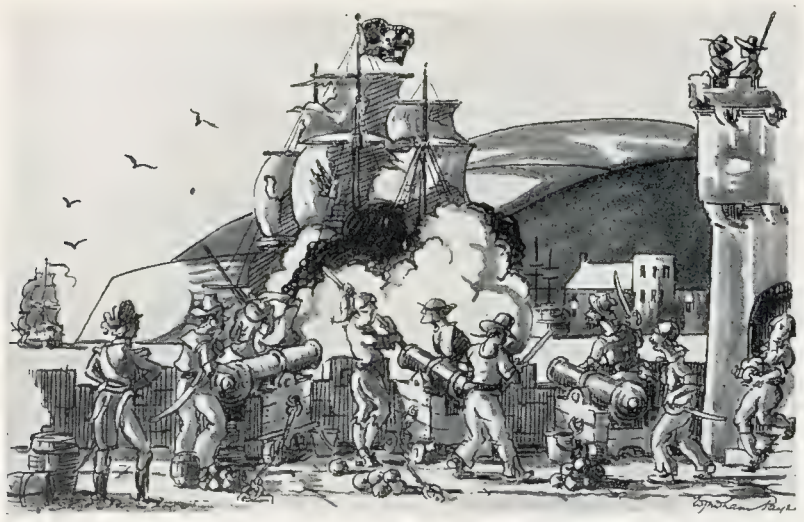
HATCHING A PLOT

Piracy in the West Indies *(Contd. from page 20)*



Drawn by Wyndham Payne

"We had time to give her two rounds of all our guns"

almost among our sloops, and we had time to give her two rounds of all our guns of which 7 hit her tore her gibb setled her main sail by cutting the hallyards, 'tis supposed, and we believe one of the 24 pd. ball took her in the bow. She made no return but got out as well as she could and shee and the ship ran into the Grand Golett and there turned Fowls ship adrift. I wish they may not have got some of your Excellency's mutton for their boat went on shoar etc. They stretched for Nevis, could not fetch hardly Morton's Bay; so stood away westward along shore. We brought Fowl's ship in again and found this fine distich in chalk on the companion

For our words sake we let thee go
But to Creoles we are a foe—

or something of remembering Creoles as a foe, and a Death's head and arm with a cutlace, and on board Hinkston they had versifyed in chalk

In thee I find
Content of mind.

They standing along shore I got on horseback . . . and with about 70 horse and dragoons waited on them as far as Old Road. . . . These villains are certainly going to windward of Antego and Barbados. They want bread and will wait some New England vessels coming. . . ."

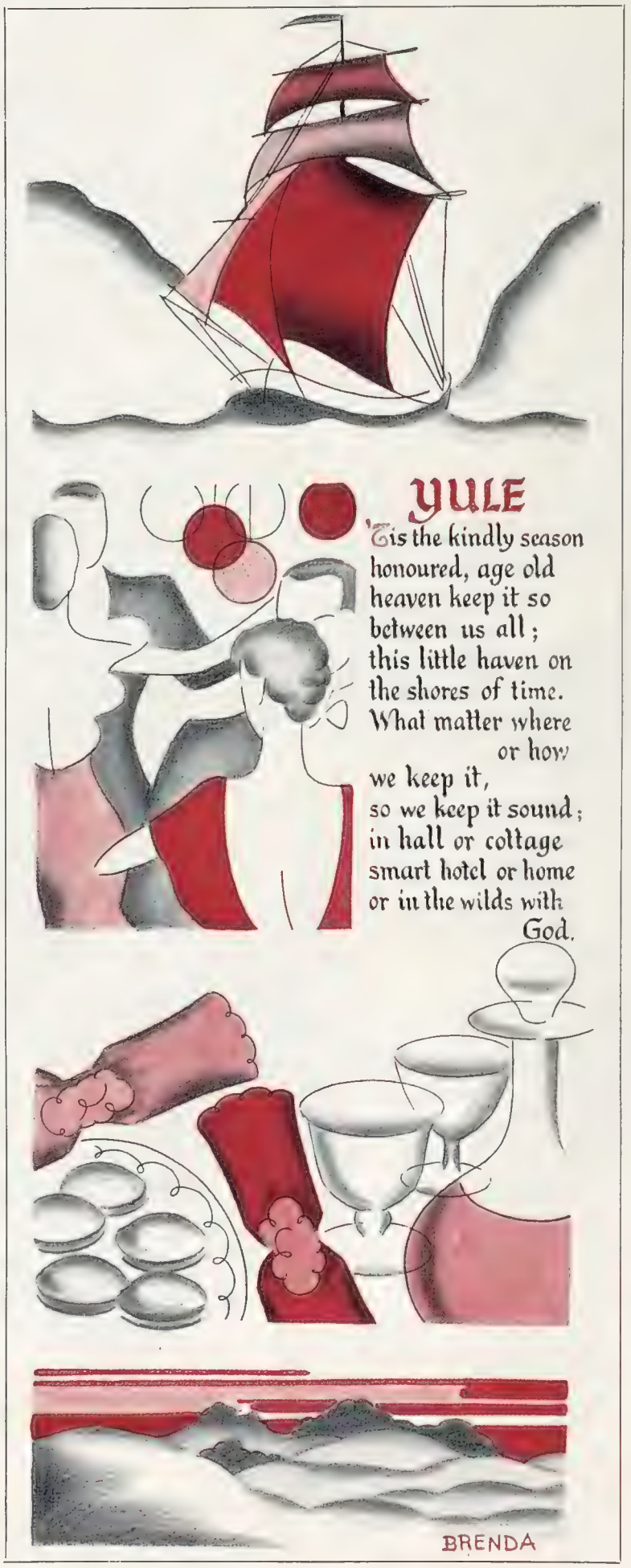
One of the printed accounts of trials gives a vivid picture of how a plot to seize a ship was hatched. You overhear the men whispering to one another as they work in the rigging. Here is the actual evidence of the third mate of the ship *Abington*, Joseph Bicknor by name. He tells how, "being on the Coast of Guinea, and bound for old Callabar for Negroe Slaves; the Main-top-fall wanting to be mended, the Deponent was directed to do it; he there found John Whitcombe, and Robert Sparkes, Mariners, and having asked them what they were doing there, they both answered, that they were just come up before him, in order to help him, for they had something to say to him, That after he was settled to his work Robert Sparkes asked him, whereabouts he reckon'd the Ship to be, and how long he thought it might be before we should get to Callabar, 'if ever we did.' The Deponent answered that it was uncertain but hoped to be there in a little time. John Whitcomb replied, 'Damn Callabar,' for he did not care if she never got thither. Then Robert Sparks said, he believed that he could make the Ship to go much better than she did; he asked how? Robert Sparkes said, 'By Ripping off the upper Deck,' and then she would be a Ship fit for business; that he answered, he did not know that she might, and asked Robert Sparkes, what business he meant; That Robert Sparkes asked him, if he could be trusted with a Secret, and whether he would be true to them; That he asked Sparks and Whitcomb what Secret it was? That he would be true, and desired them to proceed in their Discourse; Sparkes then said, she would make a good Pirate Ship, for he believed, that she would be stiffer and go better; for that they had better be dead than living in Misery, that they only waited for his Consent, that they had appointed him their Captain, and that they all would obey his Command, That he, hearing this, and being surprised, pawzed a little, and then asked them, who was concern'd with them; they both bid him to give them his Hand, and swear to be true to him else they would cut him to pieces, for that they would not be balked of their Design, since that they have given their Hands and Oaths, to the first Proposers, who were James Oglesby, and William Mething; That he answered them, 'Gentlemen, since that you are so resolute, save my Life, and I must be at your Command,' at which they demanded his Hand again, which he gave them, then they smiled and said, all was now well, and that according to Agreement, he should be Captain in less than Twenty Four hours, for that they had got nine, or ten, who had consented, and five or six more, whom they would make consent, when the time came; That they had the stoutest Men in the Ship; That they themselves, (Sparkes and Whitcomb) would be Two of the six, upon Occasion, to perform the Work, and that Two of the Clock, that same Night, was the Time propos'd (if he thought fit) when the Chief Mate was heaving the Log first to secure him easily, else, toss him overboard.

"Whitcomb said, that he and the Cooper, would seize the great Cabbin, there being no more Arms than four pistols, which they would secure, and then secure the Captain and Doctor, whilst the others, should secure the Second Mate, Botswain, Carpenter, and Gunner; To which he answered That it would be pity to murder any Body, that it was a very great sin and heinous Crime; That Whitcomb repli'd, it was much better to Murder, when they had once begun, than not to go through with it; That Sparkes said, there would be no occasion of commiting Murder, That he would be very honourable to the Captain, and that it would be the best way, to put them ashoar, Who would not condescend to go with them, except the Carpenter, and his Mate, and the Surgeon, who would be very useful, especially the Carpenter, to rip up the upper Deck, and fit the Ship.

"A little Time after, he being at Dinner with James Oglesby, and William Mething, (who were both his Mess-Mates) they both asked him, if Sparkes and Whitcomb had said any thing to him in the Top, he answered, that he could not tell, whereupon Mething left off eating and went away, Oglesby, then asked him, what made him so strange, for that they all knew what Sparkes and Whitcomb, had said to him in the Main-top, and of his giving them his Hand, to go their Commander, which was all they waited for, and bid him welcome, for that now they would soon make an End of the business, if he thought fit, of the time proposed; That he answered no, that it would be better to defer it a Night or two longer, Oglesby replyed, he believed it would, and that Saturday Night, would be a good time, for then they would be merry with drinking, and then desired him to draw a Round-Robin, and that they would all sign it, That he told him he did not know how; Oglesby then said, he would do it himself, which he agreed to, and told Oglesby, to get them all to sign it, and give it to him, and then their Discourse ended. At twelve a Clock the same Night, he (the Deponent) acquainted the Chief Mate, with the whole matter, and desired him immediately to disclose it to the Captain, which he did, so the Design was prevented."

During the following year, 1720, the pirate menace seems to have given place to apprehensions of the invasion by the Spaniards. On August 24, of that year, however, Sir Nicholas Lawes writes: "By the last accts I had from Providence the Governor there was much under the same apprehensions of most the inhabitants there turning pyrates." But on February 25th, 1721, Rogers is able to write to the Council of Trade and Plantations: "Yett tho' I have wanted all manner of encouragement, I have so much done my duty, that I can assure you, I do not hear of a pirate near these Islands, and have put the place in such a posture, that if it be supported from home, wch I hope to have the honour of proposeing to yr Lordships when I come home, this Island . . . may be made ye most convenient magazine for trade for all this part of the world. . . ."

In June, 1721, his successor was appointed, and he returned home. Governor Phenney's wife was a woman of masculine and domineering character, and became a terror in the West Indies, as real and great as that inspired by the two women pirates, Mary Read and Anne Bonney, also of Providence Island.



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C.F.H. 48

LONDON'S NORMAN RESTAURANT

(*Continued from page 5*)

sudden come to any of the citizens, and it is not their pleasure to wait fasting till fresh food is bought and cooked and

' till servants bring I Water for hands, and bread,'

they hasten to the river bank, and there all things desirable are ready to their hand. However great the infinitude of knights or foreigners that enter the city or are about to leave it, at whatever hour of night or day, that the former may not fast too long nor the latter depart without their dinner, they turn aside thither, if it so please them, and refresh themselves each after his own manner. Those who desire to fare delicately, need not search to find sturgeon or ' Guinea-fowl ' or ' Ionian francolin,' since all the dainties that are found there are set forth before their eyes."

It is this cook-shop which we have endeavoured to recreate in a drawing in this Christmas issue. The pictorial data to draw upon is slight, so that this particular representation can but be regarded as a first attempt to depict

A DREAM

Drawn by G. E. Studdy

a really astonishing scene in the remoter historical periods of London's life.

FitzStephen's narrative is so astonishing in many ways that the assistance of an expert in mediæval texts has been enlisted to examine two of the four existing MSS. of FitzStephen's description. Here is the report, which leaves no doubt that the MSS. are very closely related to the period described.

Marshall MS. 75 is a slender, shabby octavo volume. The MS. proper consists of ten vellum leaves, but half a folio vellum leaf has been bound in with the end papers so as to make an extra octavo leaf at each end. The binding goes right through the middle of a column of the Latin text written in a late fourteenth or fifteenth-century Latin cursive charter hand, and this unidentified fragment provides a pitiable example of the way in which ancient manuscripts were formerly destroyed and used for bookbinding.

William FitzStephen's "Description of London" occupies the first seven and a quarter pages of the manuscript proper. Apparently, without aiming at anything very ornate, the scribe intended it to be a good honest workmanlike production. He wrote on vellum of excellent quality in the neat upright Latin minuscule hand characteristic of the thirteenth century, and I have not been able to find a single erasure in his text. Unfortunately, in order to beautify the manuscript, he wrote the title, the chapter headings and the paragraph initial letters in red, and all these rubrics have faded or rubbed so badly as to be now almost illigible. On page 7 he drew three green capital letters which have lasted far better than the red. Aiming yet further at improving the manuscript's appearance, when writing at the top of the page either title or chapter headings, he used tall, elegant, thin letters such as occur in some Latin cursive hands

But, alas, for all his care and trouble ! Not only has the MS. been robbed of its original binding and become worn and defaced by time, but some seventeenth or eighteenth-century sinner has interpolated readings and notes of his own throughout the text. This pedantic vandal was familiar with Stow's "Survey of London," so he began by writing a Latin résumé of Stow's " Preface to the Description " in the top half of the right-hand column of the first page. Next he wrote in afresh the title and chapter-headings, generally above the rubrics, but sometimes right through them. To give the devil his due, it might be said at first sight that his ugly black ink glosses provide a reading where the faded red of the original is illegible, but a brief investigation shows that his chapter-headings are taken direct from Stow, and that often these are of quite a different length to those of the manuscript. This is particularly obvious in the case of the chapter-heading " De Firmitate Urbis " on page 1. Occasionally he also glosses the text with readings from Stow.

The " Description of London " ends on page 8. It is followed by a series of English annals beginning with an extract from Bede and ending towards the close of the first half of the thirteenth century. The annals are written by a different scribe ; the hand is Latin minuscule, but the letters are wider and shorter, and there are many small red capital letters. There are no glosses, vandalesque or otherwise, but a Latin episcopal letter, in a Latin cursive charter hand of the late fourteenth or fifteenth century, unexpectedly interrupts the annals ; it fills a page which must have been left blank intentionally as there is no break in the annals narrative between pages 14 and 16.

The Douce MS. Number 287 is a handsome octavo volume, bound in calf, with gilt lettering, and containing Francis Douce's bookplate. Although the manuscript is now in far better condition than Marshall 75, originally it seems to have been made with considerably less care. There are fewer and less handsome rubrics, the vellum is unevenly cut, and there are several erasures—on page 10, for instance, nearly half a column is crossed out. Apparently the scribe was anxious to be as economical as possible with his vellum, for he wrote in a very small hand, and used up, as his seventh leaf, an odd piece quite two inches shorter than the rest. Two or three other odd scraps containing Latin letters are bound into the volume, apparently at random, but, in spite of these signs of parsimony and carelessness, the manuscript was very highly valued by its early owners. The first page contains no less than four inscriptions, all in different hands, and all pouring anathemas on anybody who may steal " this book which belongs to the church of Archbishop Thomas, saint and martyr, at Lesnes." The church at Lesnes was the church of the Anglian canons of Westwood at Lessness, near Erith, in Kent. Their church was dedicated to St. Thomas, and, as the earliest of these inscriptions appears to be in the same hand as the MS. text, it seems highly probable that the manuscript is the work of one of these canons, or that at any rate, it was made specially for their benefit.

◆

The "Description of London" occupies the first four pages of the manuscript ; most unfortunately, the beginning is missing, and the Description starts at the words

namis
" dacius dente rodunt theonino
audacibus ; atthimaris
Auditores multum ridere parati
ingeminant tremulos
naso crispante cachinos."

I cannot refrain from quoting the translation of these lines made by the learned antiquarian, the Reverend Samuel Pegge, in 1777 :

" or biting them more keenly with a Theonine tooth :
The audience fully disposed to laugh
' With curling nose ingeminate the peals.' "

The " Description of London," the " Life of Becket," the " Letters " and the " Annals," are all written in the same small hand, sloping slightly backwards. It is a puzzling hand to date, because it has certain points in common with the English vernacular book hand, such as appears in the early thirteenth-century manuscript of the Ancren Riwle (Cotton MS., Titus, D 18), but in other ways it is more like the late Latin minuscule hand of Jacobus de Voragine, A.D. 1312. The letters are shorter and wider than the typical thirteenth-century Latin minuscule of the first scribe of Marshall 75, but they are very regular and have not attained the freedom of the small fourteenth-century book hands. It is a transition hand ; the possible date would be A.D. 1275.

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MELUSINE

(*Continued from page* 19)

So Melusine and her sisters left Avalon, and, like her mother, Melusine met her future husband, young Count Raymond de Forest, by a fountain called the "Fountain of Thirst," in the Forest of Colombiers, in Poitou. And, having made him promise never to follow her or ask to see her on a Saturday, she married him and built the castle of Lusignan, and added great riches and lands to his possessions, and bore him ten sons, and lived with him in peace and happiness for many years.

Then, one Saturday, egged on to furious jealousy by the suspicions of his brother, Raymond followed Melusine, and, peeping through a hole in the great iron door which shut off her apartments, he beheld her bathing in a large marble tank, and saw that from the waist downwards she was a serpent! He said nothing, however, and though she knew that he had seen her Melusine also held her peace, for as long as he was silent no harm could come. But one day, soon after, a messenger came to the castle of Lusignan bearing evil tidings. Geoffrey of the Long Tooth, the most hasty and hot-tempered of all Melusine's sons, had ridden to the monastery of Maailebas and, finding that one of his younger brothers had become a monk, he had, in a fury that a brother of his should renounce his knighthood, set fire to the monastery and burned alive the abbot, all the monks and his own brother amongst them. In his grief and despair at this news Raymond was bereft of reason, and in a loud voice he railed at his wife Melusine for having hatched this devil's brood and called her "An Evil, loathsome serpent."

"Melusine chait tout Pamée à Terre," runs the chronicle of Jean D'Arras, and Raymond was immediately overcome with remorse and begged for forgiveness, but it was too late, and with tears in her eyes Melusine bade him farewell, calling him her beloved, her heart, her joy and her delight, telling him that as long as he lived she would watch over him, but that never again would he see her in the shape of a woman, and with these words she floated out of the window and turned into a large serpent with blue and silver scales. Three times she flew round the castle, and every time she passed the windows she uttered a cry "So wonderful that all who heard it wept in compassion." "Ainsi," Jean D'Arras continues, "S'en Alla Melusine, semblant un serpent volant par l'air."

◆

Heartbroken, Raymond retired to the monastery of Montserrat, and some years later his sons Geoffrey of the Long Tooth and Thierry saw a long serpent, whose scales glittered blue and silver in the sunshine, gliding round the castle and crying piteously in sweet and melancholy tones, and, fearing some disaster, they hastened to the monastery and found that their father had died.

In Poitou the name of Melusine is still remembered, and though the castle of Lusignan is in ruins, the country people still talk of a "cri de Melusine," and gingerbread cakes of a certain kind bear the impress of a woman with a serpent's tail and are called "Melusines." Many writers and dramatists have used the story of the Lady of Lusignan for their theme, and historians have tried to trace the old legend to Greek or Indian sources, but Melusine remains a mystery and in the minds of the country people a spirit who still at times visits the scenes of her former happiness.

◆

AN ORDINARY COUPLE

(*Continued from page* 7)

him tired, more tired than he cares to own. He's a very proud man and so he just comes down his own way. But he's all right. I'm sure he is. There's no cause for you to fret. I'm only so sorry I didn't warn you. I'm afraid I've spoilt your day. It is alarming the first time it happens. I grant you that. I remember it quite frightened me. It was in New York. We had an apartment in the Woolworth Building, thirty-two floors up, and Mr. Brown hated the elevator, said it upset his stomach. So, one day, when we were going out, he simply walked to the window, gave a jump, and there—he was gone—rather than face that elevator. As I said, it gave me a dreadful fright, but when I got to the bottom—elevators don't matter to me—he was waiting for me as right as rain, smiling, and with his hat in his hand, for all the world as though nothing had happened. So you see it would be ridiculous to send out a search party, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose so," I mumbled. Lionel was beyond speech.

Mrs. Brown turned and began to walk slowly towards the hotel, while we trailed after her, two sorry sights.

"I do wish I'd warned you," chirped the kind little woman. "Why, I daresay you thought he was killed and you'd have to break it to me that I was a widow. Bobbie, Bobbie, süsser, du hast ein dummes Mütterchen. You've got a silly, silly mummie. And if I'd only remembered, I could so easily have told you what to expect. A widow! Why it couldn't happen. *It simply couldn't happen,*" she repeated with emphasis and a cryptic look upon her face.

It was late when we slunk into dinner. The meal was already half over. In the corner at the table near the door, where they had been put because of Bobbie, sat Mr. and Mrs. Brown, placidly eating their chicken and salad. When they saw us, they waved. Wild thoughts came into my head—that mephitic smell of sulphur from the Browns' room, that unearthly glow at their table when all else sat in darkness, that strange club-footed limp of the little brown man . . . Could it be? I shuddered.

An ordinary couple? Well, perhaps.

◆

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

(*Continued from page* 38)

With a spring like that of a coiled snake, on the last word she was on him, her lean fingers knotted in his throat. Shrieking, hysterical with fear, the women sprang up and scattered as the two fought, swaying and staggering wildly about in the centre of the circle; while the men, flinging chairs aside, seized the combatants and tried to force them apart—then suddenly in their arms the woman went limp and a great voice spoke, it seemed, from over their heads.

"Put her down—there, in the chair—and leave her to come round. I have removed the poor love-crazed soul who just possessed her—I warned you, I, Sekhet, but you would not be warned. Yet retribution is just . . . see to *him* now. Farewell!"

◆

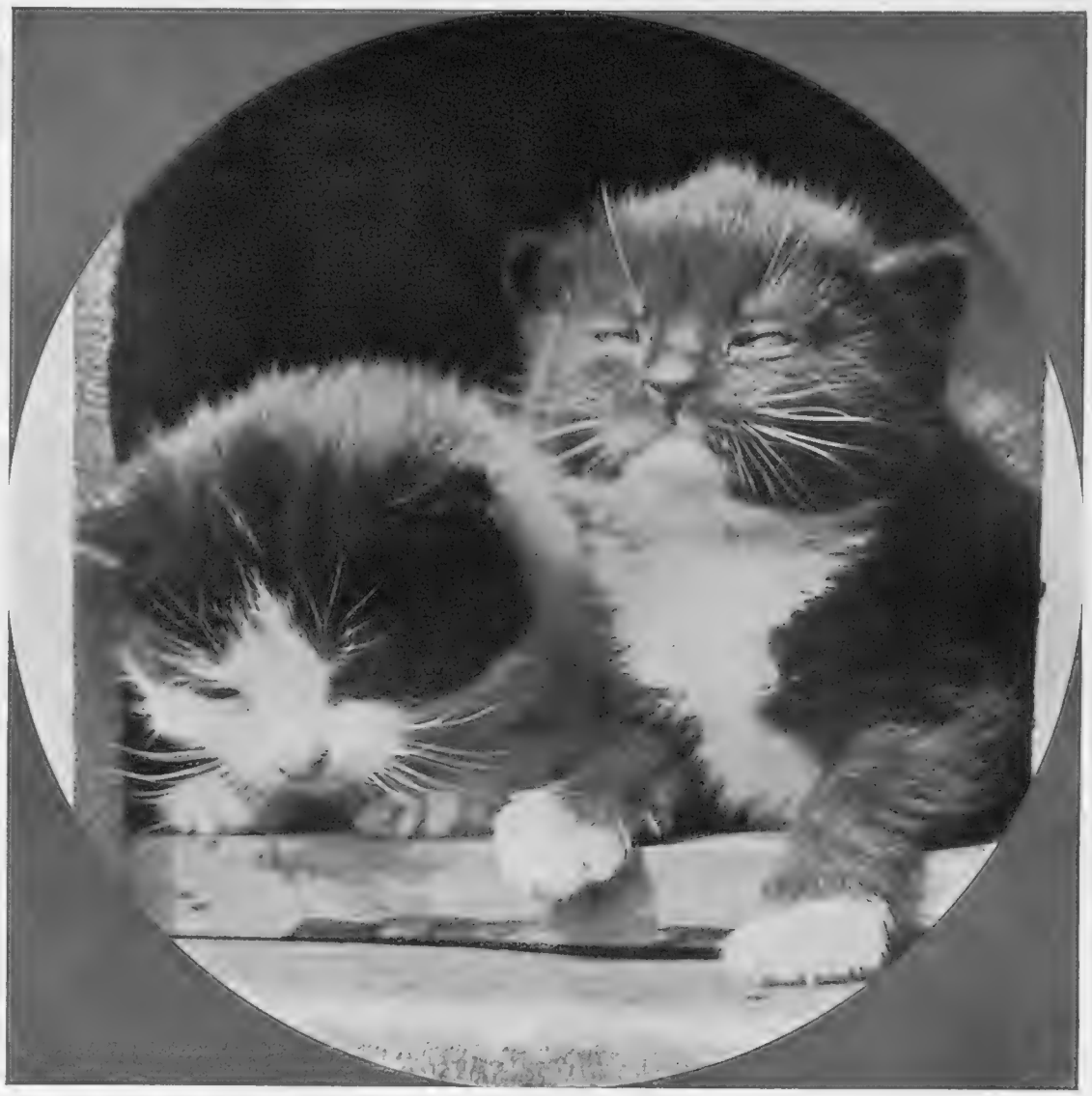
It ceased, and in silence the shaken group gathered about the prone form of the young doctor, lying just where he had fallen, among a welter of fallen chairs, scattered bags and scarves and fans, stark in the brilliance of the white light from which the shrouding red drapery had been removed. His face was set in a terrible expression of fear and rage, and there were red marks round his throat where the thin vicious fingers had clutched—he lay deadly still, and with a sudden fear catching at his heart Colonel Garrison beckoned Todhunter over to his side. As becomes an explorer, the brown-faced man had a good working knowledge of medicine. Kneeling, in a dead and awful silence he opened the prostrate man's shirt, tested his heart and held a mirror to his lips, then looked up with a grave face. Cecily Fleet, reading the news in his eyes, burst into tears, and a general murmur of horror ran round the room as soberly, Todhunter rose to his feet.

"Dead—of heart failure, as far as I can judge," he said gravely. "Those marks on the throat are nothing—only superficial. Although the spirit that moved her to attack him was a man—or so it seems—she was only a frail little woman, and it wasn't her attack that killed or even injured him. He died of shock. And if to-night's experience is as genuine as I believe it to be—no wonder!"

"But what is it all about—and who was Ramsay?" breathed the Colonel, his healthy red face palpably pale with horror.

Todhunter hesitated for a moment.

"I don't like to say much," he said. "Especially as the man's dead now—and has paid for his sins. But—whoever spoke through the woman's mouth spoke what is thought, by many people, to be the sober truth! Ida Playfair was Ida Ramsay—the wife of Neil Ramsay—until a year or two ago, and they adored each other. Playfair met them and fell desperately in love with her. But she wouldn't look at him, so Playfair played a waiting game. Cultivated Ramsay, who was rather a simple soul; became his doctor as well as his bosom friend, and one summer, about two years ago, they went on a fishing expedition together, and upon that expedition Ramsay was taken ill and died, through—so Playfair said—eating tinned food that wasn't quite good. Playfair gave the certificate of death—natural causes—so that was O.K. for Playfair. And when he came back to London he made himself so indispensable to poor little Ida, who was completely lost and bewildered without Ramsay, that at last she married him. Though there were not lacking folks who said that Ramsay's convenient death, that left a charming and wealthy wife ready, as it were, to Playfair's hand, was rather too convenient to be convincing! That's the story. And—in view of what has happened to-night—it looks very much as though it were true."

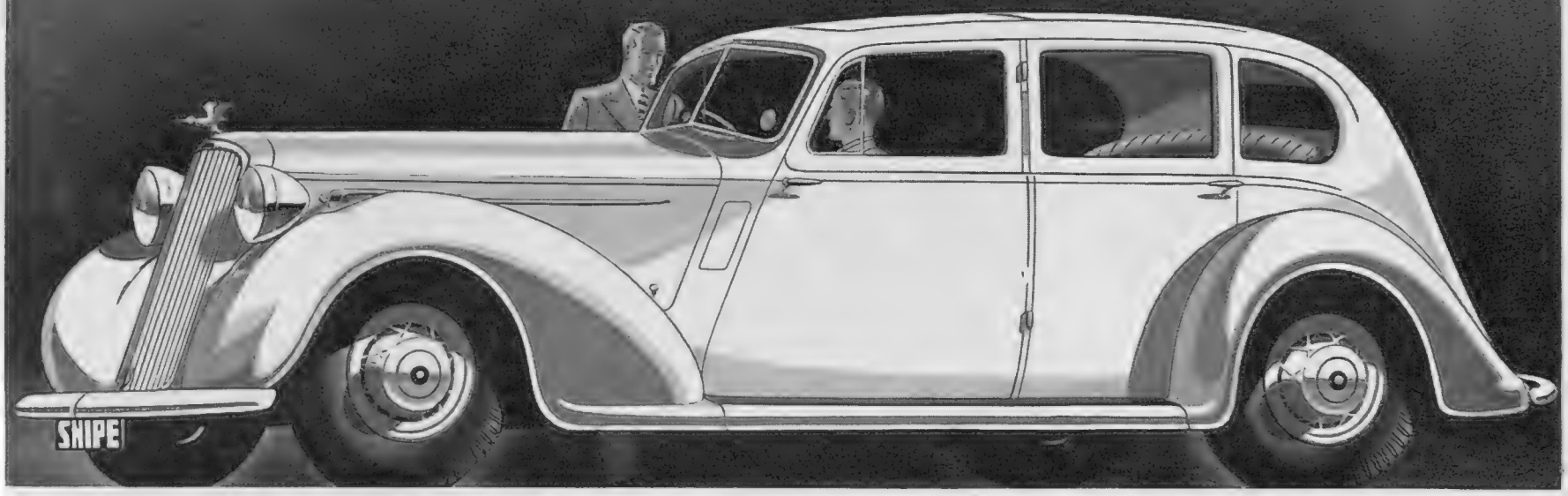


AT THE ZOO—BUT NOT ON EXHIBITION:

Two captivating kittens belonging to a keeper at Regent's Park

HUMBER

1936



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CHRISTMAS
FIFTY YEARS AGO

Christmas in 1885—"Sir Roger de Coverley." Wood engraved from the drawing by Arthur Hopkins

FIFTY years ago when Christmas time was approaching, this country had just indulged in a Parliamentary election which resulted in a rather closely balanced House with the Parnellite Party as a disturbing factor. Mr. Gladstone was greatly cheered by his big majority in Midlothian. Europe was not at peace. There was a war between Servia and Bulgaria. Incidents in the campaign were illustrated in the December issues of *The Graphic*. A muzzling order had just been issued which made the wearing of muzzles obligatory whenever a dog left his home. The Christmas Number itself contained illustrations by Randolph Caldicott, W. Small, Adrian Marie, and E. K. Johnson, R.W.S. There was a Christmas subject by Arthur Hopkins in the previous issue, a reproduction of which is given here. It is a contemporary record of the fashions of the day. The ladies wore long white gloves and voluminous skirts with sweeping trains. The men wore black evening waistcoats with conspicuous watch chains, and all appear to be either bearded or moustachioed. A fashionable material of the day was Louis velveteen. It appears to have been advertised in almost every issue of *The Graphic* of that time. "As regards the adornment of women," says the advertisement, "nothing shows to so great an advantage beauty of outline and graceful figure, or the clearness and delicate colouring of the complexion. It is equally becoming to the blonde and the brunette; it does not merely clothe, it drapes and designs, lends a dignity and grace to the wearer, and, requiring but little ornament, derives its elegance from its own richness of colour and drapery."

"With all her costly finery crumpled and disarranged." From a drawing by Arthur Hopkins, December, 1885

From a Christmas Number of fifty years ago—"United Service." From a picture by W. Small, R.I.

The colour illustrations consisted of a wood engraving printed in black, on which were superimposed three or four tints printed from other wood blocks. In a preliminary announcement of this Christmas Number of 1885, it was stated that the edition printed would be 560,000. The cost was a shilling, with an edition de luxe at eighteen pence.

INVITATION

The attractive Bed-Sitting Room illustrated is fitted in straight grain Walnut with Sycamore bandings. The fitment under the window includes a Writing Bureau and the two Wardrobes give ample hanging accommodation.

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. . . . . .

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East Anglia in Winter — From an oil sketch by C. A. Mellon

IN CONCLUSION

This Christmas Number is drawing to a close and it occurs to us that some of the readers of this particular number may not be regular subscribers. We hope they may wish to see The Sphere week by week, or they may wish to send it abroad. These are the rates:—If you are living in the British Isles it is £3 0s. 10d. for a year, including the Christmas Number; if you want The Sphere sent to Canada the rate is £3 0s. 8d., or elsewhere abroad £3 5s. 6d.

⁂

WINTER SOLACE

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
Between the groaning forest and the shore,
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves;
A rural, sheltered, solitary scene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead.

. . . . .

First of your kind! society divine!
Still visit thus my nights, for you reserved,
And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
See on the hallowed hour that none intrude,
Save a few chosen friends. . . .

THOMSON.

*

THE JOY OF A BOOK

O for a Booke and a shadie Nooke,
Eyther in-a-doore or out;
With the grene leaves whispering overhede,
Or the Streete cryes all about.
Where I may reade all at my ease,
Both of the newe and olde;
For a jollie good Booke whereon to looke
Is better to me than Golde.

OLD ENGLISH SONG.

*

SHED NO TEAR

Shed no tear! O shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year;
Weep no more! O weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
Dry your eyes! O dry your eyes!
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies—
Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!
Mong the blossoms white and red
Look up, look up. I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough.

. . . .

Shed no tear! O shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu—I fly. Adieu!
I vanish in the heaven's blue.
Adieu, Adieu!

KEATS.

*

'Tis the privilege of friendship to talk nonsense and to have her nonsense respected.—CHARLES LAMB.

⁂

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RUSHES on the FLOOR

(*Continued from page 40*)

Cardinal Wolsey lying ill in bed. No sign of rushes on the floor

fine napery," says that praiser of times past, William Harrison. "The carpets which are numerous, would scarcely appear to have been used according to modern custom for the floors of the apartments . . . they were principally coverings for the tables, stools and court-cupboards, though they may have been occasionally used to cover some select part of a room, as in the presence chamber, for instance, where a Turkey carpet is mentioned, five and a half yards long and two yards and three-quarters wide." This is the conclusion of a learned authority, which has probability as well as learning to support it.

Small tile or wood inlay seem to be indicated as the floor covering in this woodcut, about A.D. 1500

The fact that carpets were used for "some select" part of the room is proved by various contemporary allusions. The inventory of Sutton Place (1541) includes "a grete carpet to lay under the Kyng's fete"—and you may see just such a carpet in an illuminated MS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. The drawing shows Louis XII (1462–1515) seated on a throne, with his feet resting on a carpet not unlike a modern hearthrug. That up-to-date monarch, Henry VIII, was not likely to lag far behind French fashions. You see a carpet spread before his throne in Holbein's picture (showing him handing a Charter to the Barber-Surgeons), and in a full-length portrait of the King (described as School of Holbein, *circa* 1538) it is plain that he is standing on a carpet. In Holbein's portrait group, Sir Thomas More and his family, a carpet is again plainly indicated. An inventory of the Royal goods made just after Henry's death, mentions several carpets which are described as "Turkish, Beyond-Sea, or English."

That treasure house of learning, the *New English Dictionary*, quotes from the Babees Book (1513) "laye carpentes about the bedde." These were possibly, or probably, coverlets. But under the same date the Dictionary gives "on a carpet in a Ladies' chamber," which suggests the other use. It gives, too, the final word in its explanation of "carpet-knight"—who was so called "because that the King sitteth in his regall chaire of estate and the Gentleman . . . . kneeleth before his Soveraigne upon the carpet or cloth usually spread." This was written in 1586, but note the "usually."

Herring-bone parquet seems to be indicated in this woodcut of 1492

If further evidence is needed for the "select" use of carpets in Tudor times, there is the woven and patterned carpet spread before the throne of the Madonna in Hans Memling's "La Vierge aux Donateurs" now in the Louvre.

This woodcut of 1495 *has a dark treatment for the floor, very different from the black and white squares one would expect in such a scene*

A mediæval English bedroom scene with small tiles. No indication of rushes anywhere on the floor

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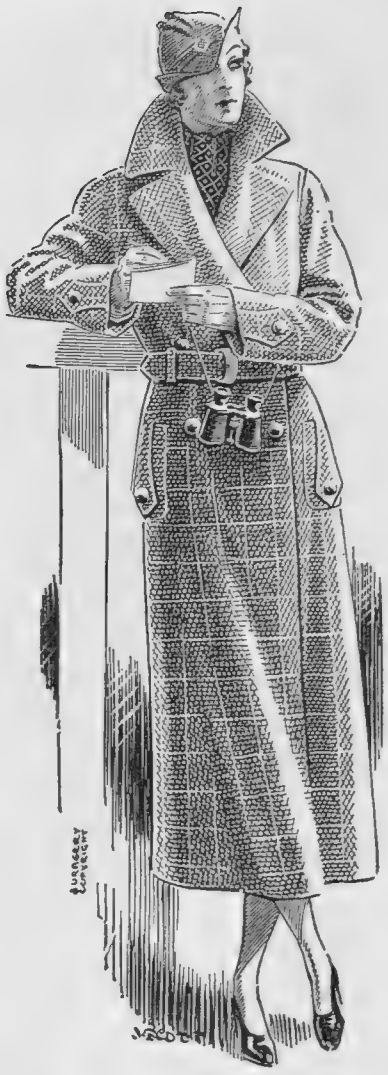

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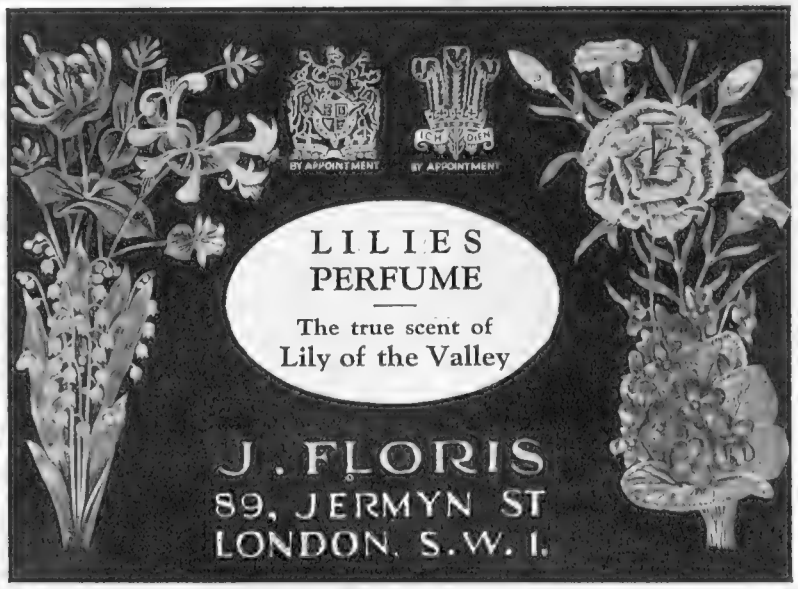

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Here are two really happy girls from one of our homes.

1,100 CHILDREN ALWAYS BEING MAINTAINED

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During your Christmas Festivities please make a Collection to help the Society in their Great Work, and know that you have been the means of helping to bring happiness into the lives of 1,100 poor boys and girls.

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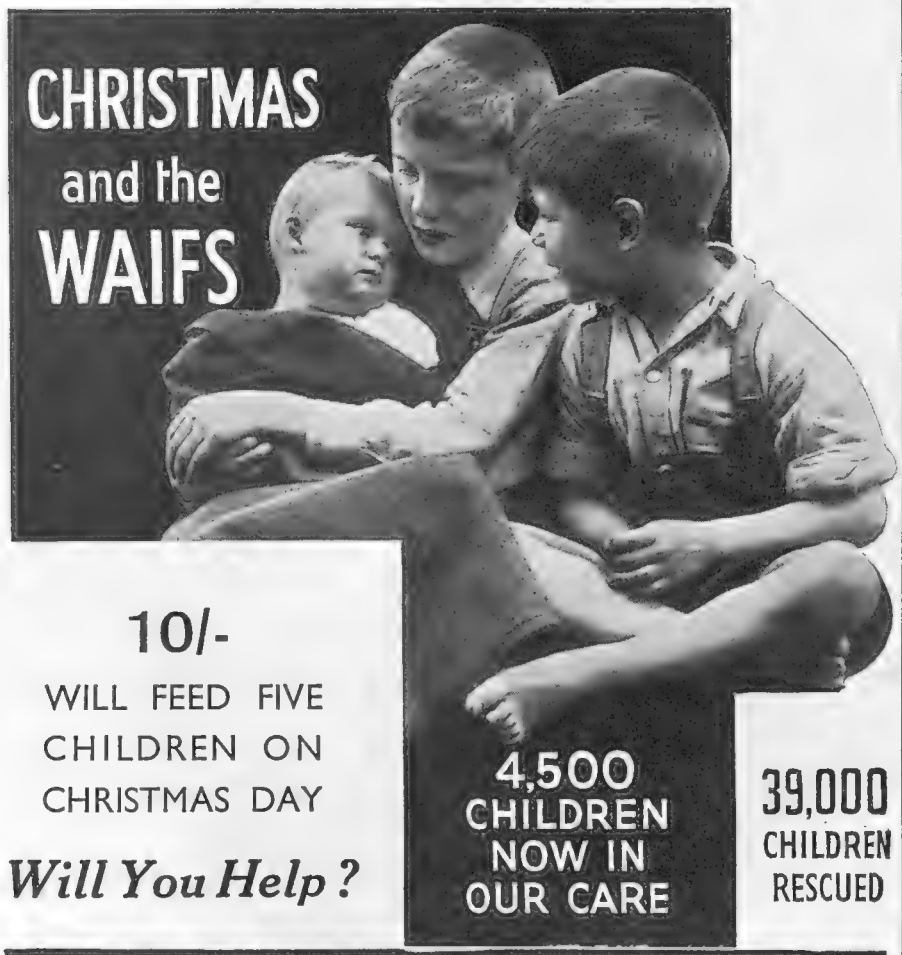
President: H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, K.G.



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4,500 CHILDREN NOW IN OUR CARE

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WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

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◆ ◆ ◆

The season has now arrived when fathers and mothers, and aunts and uncles will be thinking of what to give! The children claim first thought. But since small families would seem to be the rule to-day, the gift problem is considerably simplified, so that one may feel able to afford to give a little something to children outside the family circle. **Dr. Barnardo's Homes** have over 8,000 destitute children in their care. Each one, be it infant, boy, or girl, is looking forward like *your* children, to Christmas morning. For they are ordinary lads and lassies, brought up in a home influence. Christmas is *their* festival, just as it is the festival of their richer brothers and sisters. 8,300 little mouths to feed three times every day is but one of the colossal tasks for ever confronting Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Will you become a partner in this one undertaking and feed a Barnardo child for a fortnight? A gift of 10s. will accomplish this. Gifts should be addressed to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Royal Surgical Aid Society, which has maintained a very high standard of usefulness since its foundation in 1862, has supplied over 1,590,000 appliances to the poor, thus enabling those benefited to regain or retain employment. The last Annual Report contains an appeal for £3,000 toward a special fund for the relief of those needing help in the Durham district; a distressed area in which the need is very great and in which the Society has, practically, no subscribers. Contributions in aid of this special Fund, or to the General Fund, should be addressed to: The Secretary, Royal Surgical Aid Society, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.4.

◆ ◆ ◆

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which has helped over 4,000,000 ill-treated little ones, exists to prevent cruelty—not to punish parents. Its work calls for infinite patience, infinite tact, and the assurance of unfailing public support. Readers having sympathy with this cause should send their gifts to The Director, the N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

◆ ◆ ◆

To all children Christmas is the outstanding festival of the year, and those 4,500 young people in the care of the **Waifs and Strays Society** are certainly no exception. Already there have been unmistakable signs of a growing fever of anticipation—an eager anticipation which will be uppermost in these young hearts and minds until the joyful day arrives. There are thoughts of Father Christmas, plum puddings, and mince pies, toys, crackers—in fact, all the things children love. But the fulfilment of their hopes is a matter for real concern to the Society in these days. To be father and mother to a family of 4,500 is no easy task, and the Society's income permits only of bare necessities. Will you, at the Festival of Childhood, think of the children, and send a donation, however small, to the Secretary, Waifs and Strays Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11?

PERSONAL APPEAL

FROM
THE EARL OF GRANARD
AND
FIELD-MARSHAL LORD MILNE

The time has come when, as President and Chairman of The Cancer Hospital (Free), we must ask you to allow us to make an urgent and even pathetic appeal for help. We must have immediate financial assistance to enable the Hospital to deal with the extraordinary necessities crowding upon us daily in our efforts to combat this terrible disease, which seems, alas, to increase and not diminish and to which any one of us may, at short notice, fall a victim.

We have to deal with three main tasks: (*a*) The cure or alleviation of cancer where it is not too far advanced; (*b*) The care of those in whom the disease is so far advanced as to be incurable; (*c*) Research for the discovery of its cause and cure.

It will be fully appreciated what a formidable field these investigations and treatment must cover and what a vast expense is incurred to do human justice to all. We cannot grapple with this responsibility unless we can secure substantial help.

Granard
Milne F.M.

The Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

Causes Deserving of Your Charity

Let us now turn to the work of **The Royal Northern Hospital.** Here is a hospital built to serve the needs of people living in an area of seventy square miles. People of means do not live in this rather unattractive part of London, and the hospital is supported in the main by the willing, but necessarily tiny, contributions of the poor people in this area. They do not realise that there is a constant danger of wards being closed. To prevent this eventuality, we ask readers to send what they can to The Secretary, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, N.7.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Church Army is appealing for subscriptions to their Christmas Hamper Fund. Every year they provide Christmas cheer for many poor families for whom this season would otherwise be only a time of bleakness. They arrange treats and parties that bring infinite pleasure into the lives of those who dwell in the shadow of poverty, and infuse a new spirit of hope in the hearts of those who might otherwise forget everything but hopelessness. Ten families can be provided with Christmas food for £5, and each 10s. parcel contains sufficient to last a family of five or six over the Christmas festival. Send any donations you can spare to Prebendary Carlisle, C.H., D.D., at Church Army Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

◆ ◆ ◆

Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for research and information on cancer, **The Imperial Cancer Research Fund** is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure and, moreover, the present laboratories have become too small for the scope of the work. The need for expansion makes it imperative for the Fund to appeal to the generous help of the public for DONATIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS and LEGACIES, which should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, 8/11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1.

◆ ◆ ◆

One group at any rate among the causes of cancer has been discovered, classified and studied. The importance of the achievement is obvious. It began in the shale industry in Scotland, when the observation was made that shale-workers tended to suffer from malignant growths of the skin. It has recently been brought to a triumphant issue in the Research Department of **The Cancer Hospital** in London. The story of this prolonged investigation will certainly rank among the most dramatic in the history of medicine. It ranks already, by general consent, among the most important. Patiently and persistently the workers in Fulham Road followed the clues which shale-workers' cancer and mule-spinners' cancer had given them. Thanks to the help afforded by The Gas Light and Coke Company and other bodies a great number of substances, tars and paraffins and derivatives of coal, were examined in most minute detail, so that the quality which some of them exhibited and others did not exhibit—namely, the power to produce cancer—might be identified. Years were spent in the quest without apparent success, and the late director of the Research Department, Dr. Archibald Leitch, died before the prize at which he had aimed had been won. But to his colleague and successor, Professor Kennaway, it was given not only to carry out the greater part of the work but also to arrive at definite knowledge. Already this knowledge is being applied in further and even more difficult studies which have enlisted the interest of the whole medical world. So much so, indeed, that there is to-day no more famous British hospital than The Cancer Hospital in Fulham Road. Any subscription, however small, will be fully appreciated.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Please be Santa Claus to a destitute little one this Christmas.

8,300
children being supported.

10/-

will feed one child for a fortnight at the Christmas Season.

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

DEPRIVED
—not of parents but of their love

WHEN LOVE GOES and neglect, ill-treatment and brutality take its place—then for a little child it is the end of the world. The N.S.P.C.C. exists to prevent the suffering of children. 109,791 were helped last year of whom 4,814 endured actual violence. Will you help?

PLEASE SEND A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO Hon. Treas., Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., or Director, Wm. J. Elliott, NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2. (Chairman: The Most Hon. The Marquess of Titchfield, M.P.).

N·S·P·C·C

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★THE SPHERE CHRISTMAS NUMBER★

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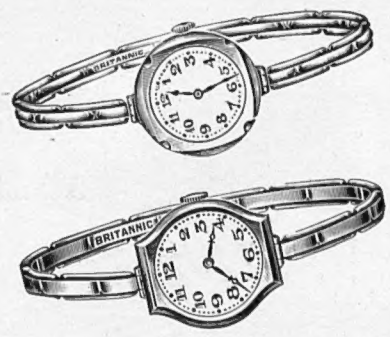

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